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The Bystander, March 27, 1934

No. 1580. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

THE LADY GEORGIANA CURZON

A new portrait of Earl and Countess Howe's only daughter, who is as regularly—and truthfully—described as lovely as her mother, when she was Viscountess Curzon, was known as one of London's most beautiful women. Lady Georgiana Curzon is twenty-four this year, two years younger than her only brother, Viscount Curzon. Her father, Earl Howe, who gave up racing his own cars a year or two ago, is still a well-known figure in the fast-car world as a "patron of the sport"

"The Fleet's in again—dammit"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Financial Notes

ONE of the most mysterious and exciting places in the world (after the Pen Club) is the tiny village of Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, in the Camargne, in Provençe, to which the gipsies of Europe make their annual pilgrimage, for no reason that has ever been satisfactorily brought forward and proved. Now Saintes-Maries is in the limelight for a very different reason. The Mayor has been run in for pinching money that was paid to him by the State for destroying sharks. It is alleged that there were no sharks in the district until the Government Grant was made, and that the Mayor diverted the cash, "and it, in turn, diverted him." The Mayor, however, has only to say to the Government, "What about your own sharks?" and that will get them groggy. There are more sharks in France than ever sailed up to the City of the Blessed Marys.

Sock in the Eye for Lord Chamberlain

"THE fact that my son's play was banned by the Lord Chamberlain," said a lady the other day, "is a proof that it was a work of art." This was a good start. But the lady went farther. "The rules of one art apply to another," she observed, and we ourselves saw Mr. Epstein biting his teeth in a corner, feverishly trying to adapt the rules of the art of jockeyship to his sculpture.

Mr. A. A. Milne, too, is seriously worried (so we are led to believe by someone whose name has temporarily eluded us) over the problem of applying the theory of Cubism to his highly popular stuff about Master Robin.

But even then the lady was not exhausted. She concluded her remarks to the Bench with the immortal statement, "I am not an actress myself; I paint." I mean to say, as Mr. Robey would have observed.

"Keep still, Murgatroyd, it's not dead yet!"

A Great Figure

THE presentation by the Eton Ramblers to Major G. H. M. Cartwright is a worthy tribute to a great personality. "Buns," as Major Cartwright is universally called, is a fine cricketer and lawn tennis player, and a more than adequate golfer, and one of the most popular men who ever stepped. We could tell a lot of stories (a host of stories is the technical term) about Major Cartwright, but we will confine ourselves to relating how he went to play country-house cricket in the south of Scotland just before the war and was instantly christened "Cookie" (the Scots for a bun, you boobies!), and how vexed he was about it; and perhaps we might tell you, if we were paid a lot, the exact circumstances in which Major Cartwright, "Bill" Worsley (afterwards Captain of the Yorkshire cricket eleven), Lord Congleton (a rare spirit, alas! untimely killed), and "Scottie" Macdonell, the golfer, found that the Oxford authorities seemed to prefer their absence to their delightful company, and how they all went to the Derby instead of continuing their studies.

But it is a story of far-off things and battles long ago, little ones, and perhaps you had better go and hold grandmamma's wool for her while she rolls it in a ball. The wild doings of yesteryear are not for your young shell-pinks.

Lesson in English

AN American financier who shall be nameless in these columns, and, we imagine, in history also, has been accused of falling down on his income tax. His reply is superb. "It is pure political propaganda," he answers with dignity. Write a brief essay (not to exceed 200 words) on the relationship of the word "Pure" to the exercise of Political Propaganda. Write on one side of the paper only. Ten marks.

Men May Come and Men May Go

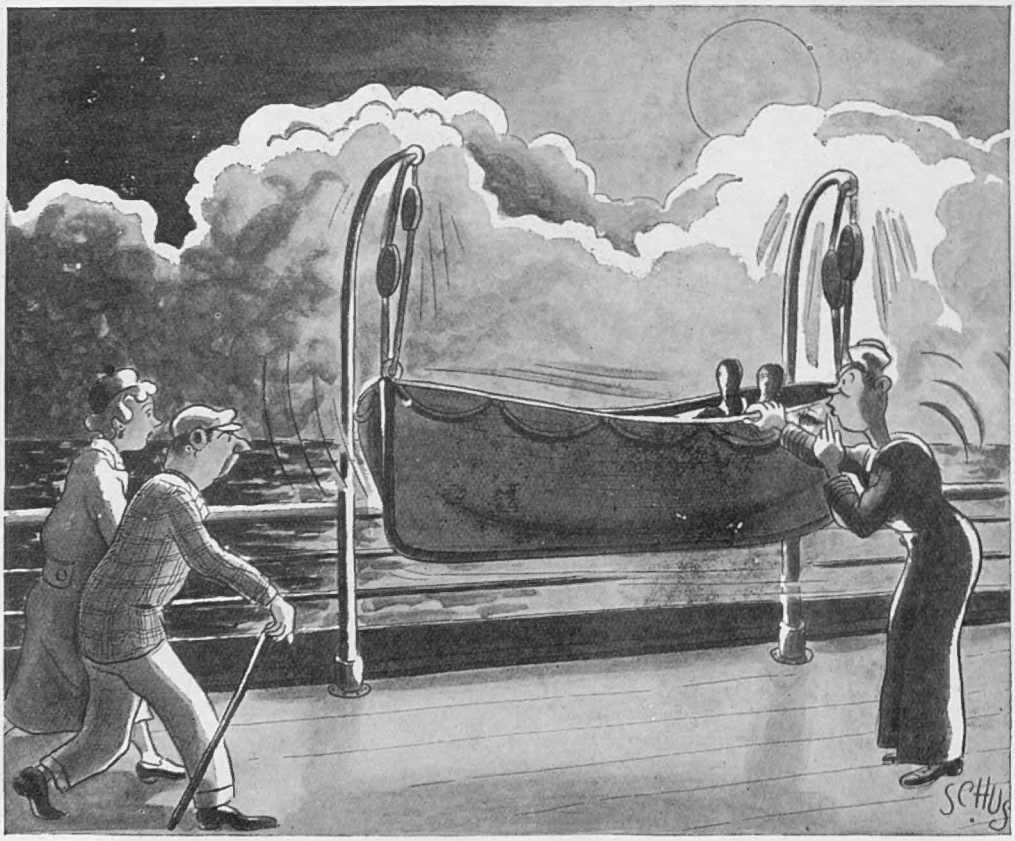
A PLEASANT little story has come to hand about the long arm of the Law, and unsleeping Justice, and other moral tags of that sort. Captain Balfour, M.P., wrote a book the other day, in which he recounted, among many adventures and excitements, how he was fined "somewhere about £5" in 1916 for driving offences. Being young and high-spirited, he was not going to be fined by a "lot of doddering old magistrates." So he left for France without paying the fine. But Nemesis was on his trail. A fortnight ago the Clerk of the Bench which had imposed the fine read Captain Balfour's book and was extremely interested in this story. He went to the files and searched through the dusty records, and there he found the long-forgotten warrant. The magistrates had long since doddered their way into oblivion, but "His Majesty's Warrants for the enforcement of fines are in force for ever," and the Clerk explained this in a courteous letter to Captain Balfour, adding that a cheque for £3 10s. would put the whole matter on a more regular footing. The gallant Captain replied with a fiver, the balance to go to the Court poor-box.

Live-Stock News

THE police-station at High Wycombe was rung up the other day by a frantic—and justifiably frantic—gentleman, who said: "Please send up help at once. There is a herd of elephants in my garden!" It was, of course, a party from a menagerie that had come in. The gentleman's parlour-maid is awarded this week's prize for under-statement. "It is not often," she said, "that I get awakened by an elephant banging on the front door with his trunk."

We are reminded of the telegram which a big railway junction in Burma received from a small up-country station: "Man-eating tiger roaring on platform please wire instructions."

"Knitting, eh?"



"'Ssh! The Captain is almost asleep"

Sic Transit

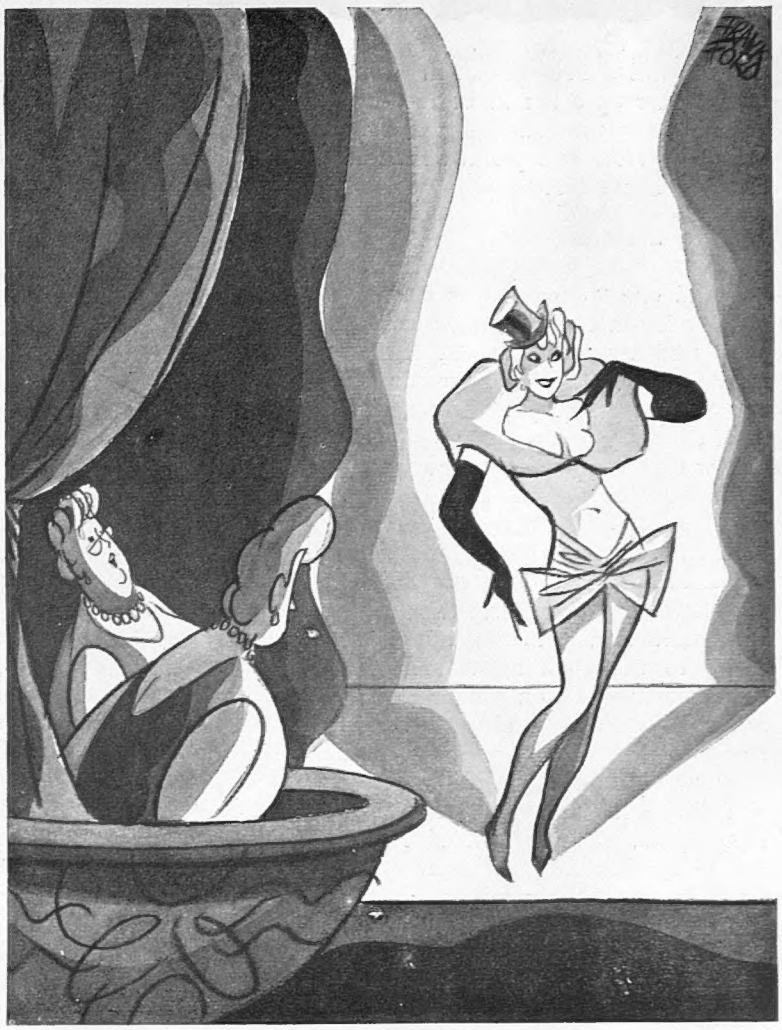
THE Captains and the Kings depart. The tumult and the something-or-other dies. All fame is but fleeting. Reputation is but a bubble. These profound new statements of an original school of philosophy are inspired partly by our own keen philosophical brain, partly by beer, and partly by the remark in a newspaper: "Mr. James J. Walker, an ex-Mayor of New York." An ex-Mayor! Mr. James J. Walker! What a sad come-down from the perpetual

" Jimmie Walker, the famous Mayor." Soon we shall be reading of " A certain Capone, an Italian with a curious scar on his face," or " One Hobbs, alleged to have at one time played some cricket, mainly at a ground in South London," or " A Scandinavian lady whose name is differently reported as Barbo, Carbo, and Sorbo, described as a film actress."

Poor Mr. Walker! Time was when he was photographed as often as twenty times a day, shaking hands with twenty different European celebrities, such as G. Shaw, reported to be a journalist of Irish extraction, and M. Norman, a cashier in one of the larger banks in the City of London, Eng.

Paris News (First Reel)

THE financial scandals continue to hold the field, especially the Fields Elysées, writes our Paris correspondent. An Englishman, entering the Café de la Rotonde last week in search of a long and cooling drink, made the fatal mistake of trying out his French accent. Instead of boldly standing up and arrogantly demanding a double whisky and look sharp about getting it, you blinking foreigner, he ranged himself tentatively alongside the bar, coughed in a French manner, and said: " Visky, très bon." The barman, who had lost a thousand of the best in the Bayonne pop-shop, misunderstood the simple request for a statement of admiration about the late Stavisky. The crowd joined in, and the unfortunate man was smuggled into an unoccupied vault in Père-la-Chaise before dawn on the following morning, and the whole affair hushed up. (Incidentally, no affair in the world can be so completely and utterly hushed up as the murder of an Englishman, or, even more, of an Englishwoman, in France. But that is Neither Here nor There, although, of course, in a manner of speaking, it is There.)



" Before I married Spencer I thought of going in for that sort of work "

" Is there anything left in that bottle behind 'Twelfth Night,' Jenkins? "

Paris News (Second Reel)

THEN there has been the extraordinary incident of the lawyer who went queer in the head. He started by publicly burning the lawyer's robes of a colleague and calling him an assassin. Naturally, no one paid any attention to a little outbreak of that sort. Then he walked down the Boulevard St. Germain and struck an officer of the 6th Moroccan Rifles smartly in the face. Well, tastes differ. And if he actively disliked the man's face, why shouldn't he register his protest in a manly and straightforward fashion, instead of writing to the papers about it? He was then invited to the nearest police station, where he behaved in the most kittenish and frolicsome way. He knocked over a stove or two, kicked some desks about, and most humorously chucked a few paper-weights through a plate-glass window. Everyone applauded and laughed heartily. But

the lawyer went too far. He forgot that he was a Frenchman, in France, and he tore up a bundle of 1000-franc notes. He was instantly seized, bound hand and foot, and pitched head-first into the loony bin.

The New Shikarri

THREE young Princes, two Austrian, and one "described as a nephew of some Oriental house," as a contemporary rather cynically put it, have been fired for shooting big-game from a motor-car in Kenya. This reminds us of the story that a famous big-game hunter told us about the extraordinary decadence that prevails in the Kenyan and Tanganyikan jungles. For some years past, cinematographists have been in the habit of motoring out into the jungles with young goats, sheep, calves, and what not, tethered by a long string to the back axle. The lions came leaping out on their prey, the cameras whizzed, and subsequently the turnstiles clicked merrily at the Polytechnic, and elsewhere, when the film *In Blackest Kenya*, or *In Deepest Tanganyika*, or *In Heartiest Nairobi* was being shown. The result of this devotion to the celluloid art was that the big game got completely spoilt, so that now, if you take a motor-horn and advance a foot ten yards into the East African jungle and blow several hearty toots, you will hear a rustling, and a rushing, and an excited purring, as the lions come tearing out to beg on their hind legs for a young goat, or a calf, or a bit of sheep.

A Feminine Title

MISS DOROTHY SAYERS, that delightful expert in the art of writing detective novels, has just produced one called *The Nine Tailors*. What a title! What a terrifying title! Only a woman could have produced it. Men have enough to do grappling with one tailor, and answering his solicitor, and fobbing him off, and writing him civil little letters, without embarrassing themselves with nine of the pests. No man who ever lived could have called a book *The Nine Tailors*.

The Chain-Gang Again

HOW passionately we detest these public holidays! You are all frolicking about in Streatham parks, or on Hampstead Heath, or on Hackney Marshes, or wherever it is that you besport yourselves, while we, poor souls, are grinding away at our desks in the feverish effort to produce three numbers of this lovely journal in one week. Did you ever see the film of *Ben Hur*? Well, during holiday times Inveresk House is very like that scene in the galley when the slaves tug at the oars while overseers march up and down and "encourage" the slackers. Substitute fountain-pens for oars and sub-editors for overseers, and you get an exact parallel.

Day in, day out, we toil away, and do we get any thanks from our beautiful readers? Not we. But there—we do it purely from a public spirit. Duty is its own reward. Consciousness of a task well done—hullo! What's that? Hurrah! The siren at last. Down pens, boys and girls. The night-shift is over, and already we can hear the tramp of the day-shift coming along the corridor. Auf wiedersehen, cuties. We'll be seeing you.

THE BYSTANDERS.

THESPÆANS

No. 26.—Messrs. Flanagan and Allen

WHEN life and all its woes oppress,
Some people turn in eagerness
To find a solace, calm and cool,
By studying the Highbrow School;
And Pirandello, Ibsen or
The self-effacing Mr. Shaw
Can swiftly bring them peace of mind.
But I'm a low-brow, so I find
More joy and peace in every way
In cheery Messrs. F. and A.

Thus, when my many cares appal
I toddle to a music-hall
Where Flanagan and Allen are
A jointly-shining guying star,
And, listening to songs and chat,
I find that Life no more seems flat,
For Underneath-the-Arch-Priests of
Broad Fun enable me to scoff
At care, since they have got the art
Of keeping you and "blues" apart.

So here's to both those cheery blokes
Whose songs and patter, gags and jokes
Can wake responsive smiles from those
Who patronise the lighter shows.
Thus, Flanagan and Allen we
Salute as wags of high degree
And hope sincerely that they may
Increase in strength from day to day,
That honest folk may long enjoy
Those two great chiefs of "Oi!" Polloi.

B. W.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 12

As Chaucer said on the way to Canterbury:

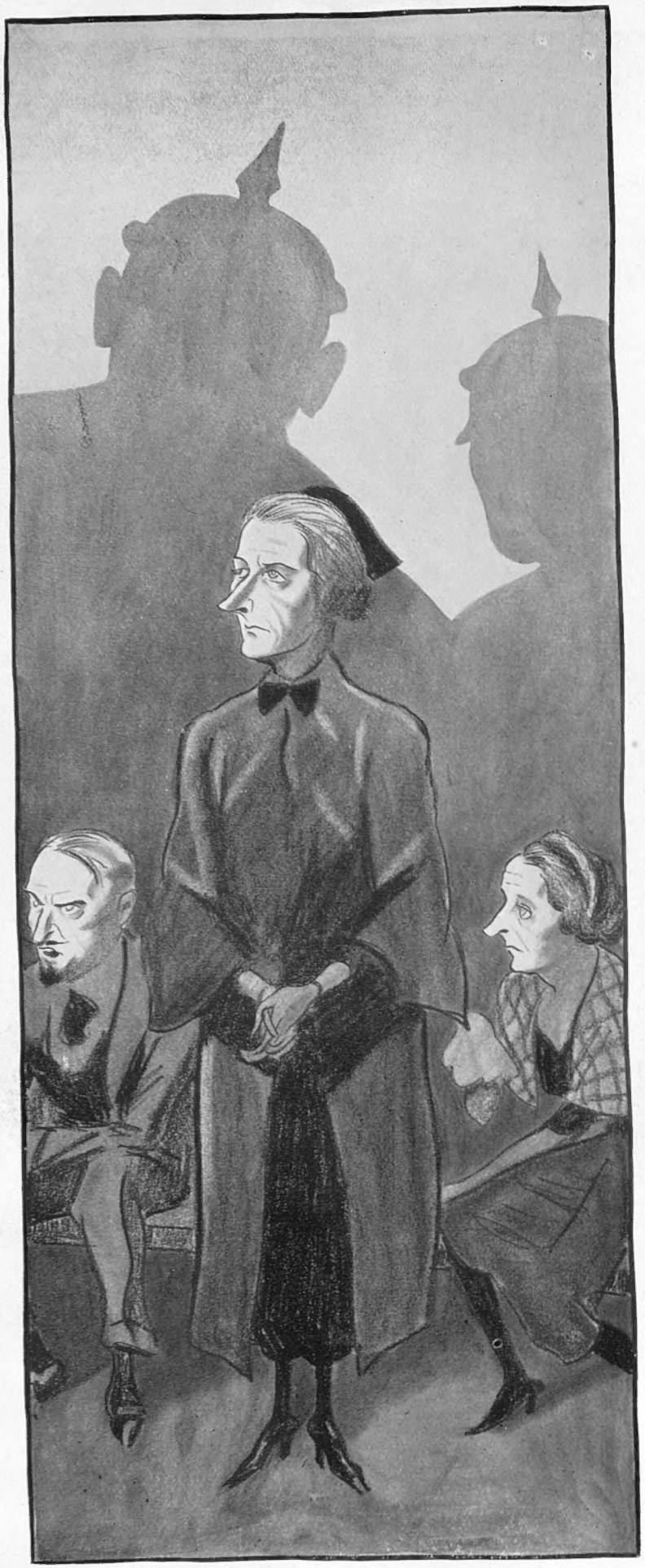
"STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE"

She was only a Stowaway . . .

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

June as the Star in "Here's How!"

Two new portraits of June, who is now playing opposite George Robey in his new revue, "Here's How," at the Saville Theatre. She took this part over from Lili Damita shortly after the show opened in London. June is having a great success as Mimi, the lovely stowaway who arrives in England by the same boat as Lord Ullage, the Robeyan beer baron, and who, by orders of a crook gang, lures his Lordship from directors' meetings to the "Zoo," and even to gay road-houses. And whether she's a stowaway or a vamping decoy, she sings her songs charmingly, and dances with her own lightness and grace



"*Nurse Cavell,*" *at the Vaudeville*

Nurse Cavell (Nancy Price) and her two helpers, Phillippe Baucy (Guy le Feuvre) and Ada Gautier (Esme Church) hear their fate from the German Military Court, in "Nurse Cavell," by C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts and C. S. Forester

Second Thoughts

Problems in Poison;

"Without Witness" (Duke of York's)

IT looked a cinch to me that what the distracted wife poured into her drunken husband's brandy-glass was the draught, the whole draught, and no heel-taps. Bottles like this, labelled "Poison," generally come round from the chemist after the poor fellow has deciphered your doctor's prescription. This one, strange to say, was delivered in person by a lady doctor (of the early Suffragette school), doing locum for her brother. But then, somebody had to make it clear, right from the start, that this particular sleeping dope, if taken in one gulp, would prove fatal. Just as the poor girl was pouring it out, so as to make her get-away from a wife-beater, the prologue ended with a black-out.

It didn't occur to me to wonder whether she 'd given him a spot or two to make him drowsy, and a weak heart, or something like that, had done the rest. It just looked like deliberate murder in a good cause. You can't blame a nice girl for getting desperate when she finds she 's left a good, dull husband for a drunken bully who drinks brandy out of a tumbler.

Five minutes later—which shows you how powerful these new-fangled drugs are—she was round with husband number one. Throwing aside a masterly article on rhododendrons for the Gardening Press, that estimable fellow plunged feloniously into the tricky business of becoming an accessory after the act. Meaning that he worked out some sort of alibi by the clock, and slipped round to the deceased's flat (five minutes' walk is a bit too near for divorced couples with all Hampstead to choose from) with the empty bottle wrapped up in his handkerchief.

When he got there it was Act 2, and the ensuing situation turned out to be the nearest approach to tension which the authors, Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson, had been able to contrive. The flat was in the possession of two detectives, with Hugh E. Wright in wry and wrinkled command, and the spectacle of Nicholas Hannen, the personification of charming honesty, clasping the guilty handkerchief and getting deeper into the mire of falsehood, was pretty near the standard of *Ten Minute Alibi*.

After that, I 'm afraid, I gradually lost interest, for the proceedings resolved themselves into a prolonged and highly complex cross-examination. By the time Mr. Wright, the kindliest detective who ever plied a hoe (gardening was his hobby, too), had begun to reconstruct the crime, I felt sorry that the authors hadn't made things snappier for Joan Marion. It was a foregone conclusion that she was going to live happy ever after with Mr. Hannen, and all this cross-questioning was but a lame-and-halt conclusion to what might have been a promising crime. Miss Marion just couldn't help fading away, too, and even Mr. Hannen gave me the impression that he 'd rather be double-digging a celery trench than wrestling with a situation that had passed its prime. Mr. Wright kept going with engaging persistence, but that third Act, re-written since the first try-out, seemed to have absorbed at least one dose out of the fatal bottle.

"Nurse Cavell" (Vaudeville)

HERE is a play which, if you are to see it (and you ought to see it instantly), challenges at once the old bogey of Entertainment. If you stay away because the epic of Nurse Cavell is too fresh on the pages of our times and too heart-breaking for a night's theatre-going, you miss a

on First Nights

Sketches by Rouson

and a Martyr's Memorial

piece of work remarkable for its restraint, accuracy, and drama.

C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts and C. S. Forester have set down the story without fear, favour, or theatricalism. The production of Frank Birch, who gives a brief but moving study of a wounded German soldier, is excellent, but best of all in the trial scene, in which the giant shadows of the invisible, steel-helmeted inquisitors are thrown against the bare, grey walls of the court.

The acting is full of brilliant little character-studies—nurses, Belgians, wounded soldiers, German officials, neutral diplomats — which add valuable cubits to the stature of the play's authenticity. Juliet Mansel as Sister Johnson; Doris Hilditch as a Belgian nurse; Guy le Feuvre as the gallant Belgian architect who aided Nurse Cavell to smuggle over two hundred men to the frontier; S. Victor Stanley as a rollicking Cockney Tommy—the only character with a suspicion of overdrawing for the sake of light relief; Robert Speaight as a treacherous refugee—all these performances are admirably done. For its economy and sincerity the English padré of Lewis Casson could not be equalled in its power to move.

Nancy Price, as Nurse Cavell, excels herself in a masterly portrait of the war's greatest martyr and heroine. Duty, simplicity, courage, indiscretion, folly, a serene composure to the end—Miss Price makes these qualities into a living memorial to a great heart. This story of blind sacrifice and tragic blundering, told without bias or rancour, is an achievement of which the People's National Theatre may be justly proud.

"TRINCULO."

A shock for the police. The arrival of the grim Lady Doctor (Marion Fawcett)

"Without Witness," at the Duke of York's

Geoffrey Harting (Nicholas Hannen) and Phyllis Treyford (Joan Marion) find they don't know the answers to questions which Detective Inspector Mayhew (Hugh E. Wright) asks at the wrong moment. Detective-Constable Tullington (John Clifford) is taking notes

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Sentimental Moments in "Bolero"—

Sally Rand, the fan-dancer, becomes one of George Raft's partners in "Bolero," but gets thrown out, as all of them do, as soon as he thinks it's time for a change. Sally Rand does her famous dance with two huge fans during the film, which is on at the Carlton

—And in "Rolling in Money"

Anna Lee and John Loder in a scene from "Rolling in Money," a new Fox British film, directed by Albert Parker, which has just been completed. As soon as it was finished, Anna Lee left for Egypt, to play opposite Jack Hulbert in a film he is making out there

"Bolero"

THE cognoscenti will tell you that this picture is based on the dramatic life and death of a famous "ball-room dancer," the most brilliant, the most "upstart" and the most temperamental of them all. Two sensational episodes of his career—the hysterical scene he made at the wedding of an ex-dancing partner and his collapse during a dance, are omitted, but, having been given so much, why ask for more? Incidentally, real "ball-room" dancing is the most hideous and uncouth example of conjoint human locomotion, and the suave and svelte interpreters of rhythm who adopted this appellation did not come into existence until the "ball" had almost ceased to bounce!

George Raft, as the professional dancer, with actual experience behind him, is well cast but out of training. He must be a very good actor, because *all* his parts fit him like a glove—better than some of his clothes, in *Bolero*. The dancing partners, conveniently, adept but inconveniently sentimental, are played by Frances Drake, Carole Lombard, and Sally Rand. Miss Drake is the best-looking, the best dancer, and possibly the best actress. Sally Rand's famous—and banned—nude fan-dance is all feathers without form. Carole Lombard seems to have been dehumanised by exaggerated "grooming."

The complaint that Ravel's *Bolero*, which gives the title and the musical motive to the film, is irrelevant, is academic. Ravel's music is the lovely and rhythmic base of the most important and excellently staged dance in a picture about a dancer. The war interlude is mercifully brief.

"Search for Beauty"

THERE seems nothing in the world of which the Americans could not and would not make "a racket." This time it is health and beauty. This film is the result of the International Beauty Contest organised by Paramount last year. It cannot, conceivably, be a satire on their own publicity methods, so the irony must have just crept in. Nothing else creeps. The picture goes—"*and goes*," to borrow the film's plugged "gag." The dialogue is laden with wise-cracks, delivered inimitably by Jimmy Gleason and Ida Lupino, most professional of débutantes, and if they approach the blush-line, that does not hush the laughter. The "theme" is the profitable exploitation of "health and beauty." Crooks buy up the magazine and training farm of a defunct strong man, engage Olympic champions as editor and editress, and try to promote circulation by means of nudist photographs and "sexy" stories. The editors, pure in mind as well as body, prove recalcitrant. When the International Beauty contestants are lodged in the hotel of the converted training-farm the crooks import tired business men and their tireless feminine counterparts, but they are "foiled" in their fell designs. There is a magnificent athletic and æsthetic display by the he and she beauty contestants. "Buster" Crabbe, as the leading exponent of morals *cum* muscles, is excellently cast.

"The Outcast"

THIS film seems to me unmitigated rubbish, but that does not prove that it is anything of the kind. There are topical greyhound-racing interludes, and the star is Mr. Leslie Fuller, who is, I believe, a popular comedian. He is a large man with certain traditional music-hall gestures and facial expressions and a wink, and for dialogue he and his pal use a kind of old-fashioned punning patter. Not unnaturally, Miss Mary Glynn appears quite bewildered to find herself "heroine" in this galère. The real hero and star performer is The Outcast, Bill's faithful hound, who supplies what "sentimental" interest there is.

"La Robe Rouge"

ADAPTED from Brieux's famous novel, which altered French law. A murder is committed by gipsies at a lonely farm in the Pyrenées. Suspicion falls on an innocent man, whose smuggling activities take him out at night. In the course of the then permissible legal questioning, the judge forces the wife to admit that she was seduced and involved in a criminal charge when she was seventeen. The man is acquitted, but his life is ruined by the revelation of his wife's "past." "A Basque never forgets and never forgives a thing like that." The picture ends on a melodramatic note: the wife stabs the offending judge to death. The first film made by the Comte de Marguenat, *La Robe Rouge* contains some breath-takingly beautiful photography. The spirit of the Basques, their pride, obstinacy and adoration for children is brilliantly realised and presented, and the character of their country epitomised in the pictures taken in the hills and villages. Interior sequences (especially those about the interiors of lawyers' minds!) are less interesting and inclined to verbosity. Faultlessly acted.

Bassano

Miss Angelica Malbran

Bassano

Miss Alison Stephenson

Debs of 1934

Six More Recruits for the Presentation Patrols

(1) Miss Angelica Malbran is the daughter of Señor Dr. Don Manuel Malbran, the Argentine Ambassador, and Mme. Malbran. She will be going to the first Court

(2) Miss Alison Stephenson is Mrs. Cecil Stephenson's daughter. Her mother and Mrs. Russell-Fergusson, of Ardtur, Argyllshire, are giving a dance in June for her and Miss Denise Russell-Fergusson

(3) Miss Catharine Hotham is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Hotham and Mrs. Hotham, of Milne Graden, Coldstream. She was a bridesmaid last month to her sister Anne, now Mrs. Anthony Bazley; her eldest sister is Lady Suirdale

(4) The Hon. Ariel Baird is being presented by her mother; she is the second of Lord and Lady Stonehaven's three daughters, and is eighteen this year. Her father is the Chairman of the Conservative Party

(5) Miss Prunella Higgins is the only daughter of Air-Commodore and Mrs. T. C. R. Higgins. She and Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth are having a joint dance given for them by their mothers on May 29

(6) Miss Pamela Farmer is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Farmer, 60th Rifles, and Mrs. Morris Waddington, who is presenting her at Court, and giving a dance for her on May 8th at her grandfather's, Mr. Wilfred Ewart's house in Eaton Square

Hay Wrightson

Miss Catharine Hotham

Yevonde

The Hon. Ariel Baird

Hay Wrightson

Miss Prunella Higgins

Yevonde

Miss Pamela Farmer

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 43.

The Hon. Dorothy Paget

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THE first time I met the owner of Golden Miller was at Wormwood Scrubs. She was taking round a concert-party, in which she sang herself, to while away the convicts' afternoon, and I was temporary assistant-stage manager. In those days Miss Paget took singing lessons and was not interested in either motor-cars or racehorses.

Soon, however, she turned her attention to speed, and owned a stud of Bentleys, managed for her by the late Tim Birkin. Then she took to horse-racing in an indiscriminate, if expensive, sort of way, as the purchase of the notorious Tuppence proved.

Miss Paget is generous to a fault. She never gets up until luncheon-time unless one of her horses is running. In which event she appears on the course with Miss Gwendolen Brogden and wraps herself into an astonishing number of astonishing clothes. Miss Brogden, who was Mrs. Basil Foster till the marriage was dissolved, will be well remembered for her song "On Monday I Walk Out With a Soldier."

CONSIDERING her brief career on the Turf, Miss Paget has had an astonishing success, including three Cheltenham Gold Cups. At the moment she is spending a great deal of time and money on brood mares, and is an ideal patron of the Turf. A daughter of Lord Queenborough, her money comes through her mother, who was a Whitney.

She is a keen rider to hounds, as Kent knows. She has bobbed black hair. She has a house at Newmarket and another in Balfour Place. Both are inundated with begging letters meant for her perusal. She speaks in a low, quick voice. She is an excellent bridge-player and an even better baccarat player, but, being a woman, she was not allowed to take the bank at the High Table at Cannes, as she wished to do in 1932, and had to persuade Rex Evans to do it for her—which he did for three weeks. She has beautiful pearls and diamond bracelets and a collection of very valuable old gold boxes of varying denominations. She is immensely rich, as you can gather, but she shows no sign of wishing to get married. A fortnight ago her sister, Lady Baillie, made her an aunt. She has a great sense of humour, buys every known racing-paper, and is largely responsible for Briscoe now being so fashionable a trainer.

"Now, on Wilberforce here, there *might* be a slight reduction"

The Young Marrieds

No. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg

Photographs by Swaebe

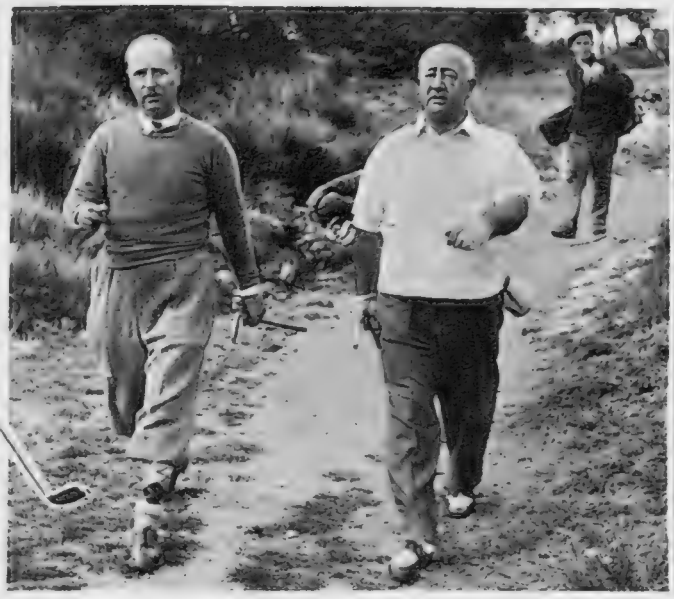
Out Walking

Lunch in the Ivory and Yellow Dining-room

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg were married last October; Mrs. Wagg was Miss Katherine Horlick, and is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. N. Horlick and Mrs. Horlick. Mr. Kenneth Wagg, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wagg, is the well-known racquets player; he and Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas were the runners-up ten days ago in the Amateur Doubles Championship, of which they were the holders, against Lord Aberdare and Mr. Peter Kemp-Welch. The Kenneth Waggs have a flat in Great Cumberland Place; the drawing-room where Mrs. Wagg is sitting is all in celadon green, with silvery-beige sofa and cushions, and a painted telephone. The dining-room has a "sunlight" colour-scheme, with ivory walls, yellow damask curtains and chairs

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur



Personalities Pictured on the Golf Course at Mont Agel, Monte Carlo

A visitor, Sir Ralph Blois, Bt., of Cockfield Hall, Yoxford, Suffolk, plays an iron shot

Comte Czaylowski, winner of the International Sporting Club Prize, seen with Mr. R. Purbrick

Dr. Harold Gardiner-Hill, M.A., M.D., of Wimpole Street, and Mrs. Gardiner-Hill

GLANCING back at lawn tennis, which is always such a feature of the Riviera season, it is pleasant to recall the success of English players. "Bunny" Austin's victory in the Singles at Monte Carlo was not only satisfactory in itself, but proves that our team for the Davis Cup will be exceedingly strong. Another very pleasing victory was that of Miss Thomas and Miss Yorke, in the Beaumont Cup, when they just won the final against Miss Ryan and Mrs. Andrews, who represented America in this International contest.

This win excited great enthusiasm, not entirely owing to the popularity of the English, but had Miss Ryan won it would have been for the third time in succession, and the enormous silver cup would have been hers for keeps. This made the management extremely nervous, for in these hard times who could be expected to replace so costly a trophy!

As you know, Royalty was much in evidence on the courts—though only in the handicaps—but interest was mainly centred on the first appearance of the Queen of Siam in competitive tennis. Playing under the pseudonym of "Mrs. R. H.", she always looked charming, and was full of smiles for the King of Siam, who stood by the court to encourage her.

RE the still-embittered question of women in shorts, the moral side of it leaves me cold, but, ethically, the supposedly weaker sex should be careful; they are definitely not built as gracefully as men, and shorts, however comfortable, reveal this fact quite unmercifully. Mrs. Satterthwaite's pleated ones were certainly the most becoming, and she 's thin enough to carry them off; but a few of the younger players looked anything but attractive; while I regret to say that Miss Thomas looked distinctly incongruous in them. The Monte Carlo tennis courts are quite beautiful, spacious, and comfortable for the onlooker, with a delightful bar and charming restaurant, and a most excellent luncheon is served. To draw comparisons between this and the majority of English tennis clubs makes one pensive and rather sad.

WE have been deluged of late by a wave of charitable performances for every known cause. Galas for impoverished Russians—the one at the Monte Carlo Opera House was a brilliant affair, full of Kings, Princes, Grand Dukes, etc.; amateur theatricals for the English hospitals at Cannes and Monte Carlo (I think the Russians won); innumerable thés dansants, fancy-dress balls, etc. Every villa was full of books of tickets, with agitated ladies dashing up saying, "I 'll take one of yours if *only* you 'll take one of mine."

Having heard some badly-informed person remark that at last they thought the season was on the wane, I looked in at the gala at the Ambassadeurs at Cannes the other night. The Hoffman Girls were in full swing—and, believe me, it 's some swing! They are the most breath-takingly athletic young women I 've ever seen; figures marvellous and hair of every length and colour imaginable. One young woman was performing by the table of a well-known Cannes resident, whose eyes were popping out of his head with delighted excitement. His neighbour, however, being of indifferent age and figure, raised her lorgnettes and muttered, "Disgusting! Quite too near to be decent." Raquel Mellor was singing, and though her stuff may be old-fashioned, I can assure you her eye-work is still O.K. The King and Queen of Siam were being entertained by Mr. Henry Russell in a party which included the Princess of Montenegro, Princess Guistiani, and Lady Stanley; I also noticed Sir Albert and Lady Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen, and Prince and Princess Gennaro de Bourbon. One old lady, a well-known Cannes hostess, created considerable excitement by having two legs of her chair on the dancing stage as it was being raised. Complete catastrophe was averted, but her pearls were nearly broken, and what a "Rugger" scrum there 'd have been between the audience, the girls, and gigolos!

THE polo at Cannes began with a match between Cannes and a fine Italian team, and there will be several matches a week for the next fortnight.

A friend who came to Nice yesterday tells me he got the last sleeper on the Blue Train, which was absolutely packed. So I imagine the season is going to carry on at this pace until after Easter, and great preparations are being made to entertain the various units of the British Fleet which are on us soon.

NO one has yet eclipsed Lady Furness in looks, but Mrs. Francis Francis can rival her in jewellery. In the Monte Carlo Sporting Club the other night they were both wearing priceless diamond bracelets, from wrist to elbow; while Mme. Bovey Fischer, the well-known prima donna, has also beautiful jewels. At a recent performance, I am told, she wore ten million francs' worth. Another lovely lady playing roulette had, dangling from her arm, a bag of silver scales made in exact imitation of a cod-fish! As she won notes were pushed into its apparently reluctant mouth, hence, perhaps, the American story of "Oh! You poor fish!" There 's just been another brilliant gala dinner at the Metropole, which the Prince of Monaco attended as the guest of Mrs. McAdam. Everyone was there, but the most outstanding figure was that of the Siamese Queen, beautifully dressed in purple and gold.

The Rugby Hunt Steeplechases

Above: Mrs. John Goldsmith, Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, whose horse, Ponorogo, won the Consolation Steeplechase, and Mrs. Alastair Campbell talking to Mr. G. Beeby

Top: the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Miss Cicely Borwick, who has just recovered from a fall, out with the Pytchley, and Mr. George Louther, son of Colonel J. G. Louther, M.F.H.

A Racing Reverie

Betting on the Soldiers: By "Regular"

Miss Anne Mitcheson and Miss Elizabeth Mitcheson were two more of the local lights at the Hunt steeplechase meeting at Rugby

WITH eight whole months of flat-racing in front of us, you would have thought that even the most impatient and half-witted would have been content to bide his time, instead of going to Sandown and betting on the soldiers.

FAR be it from me to criticise these gallant gentlemen. They rode like heroes, but no one would choose races confined to soldiers and their hunters as the ideal medium for speculation.

A PROMINENT Master of Foxhounds gave it as his opinion that there were two kinds of fools who went hunting and backed horses: fools, and b—— fools. I fear that those of us who did in our stuff at the Grand Military come under the latter category.

THE social side of the meeting was the greatest fun imaginable. Such fun was it that one was apt to forget the amount one was losing. "Wife may die of cold on windswept lawn while Worm consumes vast quantities of hot punch in Cavalry Club tent with witty and dissolute officer friends. Wife knows quite well why Worm is flushed, and that exciting race had nothing to do with it. As Worm's horse had fallen at first fence, why was Worm excited? Wife is not taken in, and knows full well that Worm's unhealthy colour is due to 'quick ones,' gazing at blondes, and listening to Major Clarke."

THE Major, by the way, was in great form, and so he should be. Everyone was admiring his charming daughter, Diana. Quite a few of us took a fancy to his blue tie, which, he informed me, had been made from an under-garment belonging to his aunt; while his two poems, one on the subject of our newest Master of Foxhounds, who has left the Beaton track, and the other, a greeting to the newly-engaged Premier Peer of the Isle of Wight, might have been written by the great Lord Tennyson himself.

MAJOR CLARKE is always a fund of information on matters pertaining to sport and society, and he informed me that, while a number of people are reducing their studs, the popular Leicestershire sportsman, "Lizzie," was contemplating purchasing three more "skins," making four in all.

THERE were so many good-looking women about that there was no necessity to look at the races at all, much less bet on them. I have already mentioned Miss Clarke, and others I give full marks to were Mrs. Smith-Bingham, the Countess de Pret Roose, Lady Milton, Mrs. Tony Belville, Mrs. Smith-Dorrien, Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, and Mrs. Pat Dennis.

THERE were, of course, masses of others, but Worm has stared open-mouthed long enough at orgy of sex-appeal parading in paddock, and must now tell you something about the racing.

BY backing Golden Holiday and Shilling, both each way, it did appear as if one would be very unfortunate to lose money over the Grand Military. A mile and a quarter from home, however, Golden Holiday parted company with Peter Payne Gallwey, while Shilling broke down, so, not for the first time in our lives, most of us had a stinking bad race.

I HAVE a dreadful confession to make. I am the only member of the Racecourse Press who did not know Tom Walls's soldier son "since before he went to Sandhurst," but then, you must remember that I am neither a Captain nor a Major, and consequently my circle of Army friends is not so extensive.

YOUNG Mr. Walls rode a fine race in winning the big race on Crafty Alice. The latter has obviously no Nazi sympathies, as she made a frantic effort to mingle with the occupants of Tattersall's Ring after jumping the last fence, but her owner restrained her.

SIR PETER GRANT-LAWSON'S dislocated shoulder prevented him riding at the meeting, which was a big disappointment to him and his numerous friends. Little Golden Holiday seemed to miss him badly, though he had the services of one of our very best riders in Mr. Payne Gallwey.

MR. HARDING, of Weedon, rode three winners, and splendidly he rode, too. The standard of amateur jockeyship has never been higher than it is at the moment, and I would just as soon put up some of them as I would a leading professional.

PERHAPS the finest performance was that of Mr. Anthony Taylor, who had a ghastly-looking fall and was laid out in the 1.45 race, but nevertheless insisted on getting up in the 2.45, which he won by eight lengths.

THE victory of Lion Courage in the Imperial Cup was one of those impossible results which one gets in racing every now and then. If I 'd been asked to pick a loser I should have chosen Lion Courage, and my own opinion was that it was a good thing for Barrage. That 's how clever I was.

THERE was one satisfactory thing about Lion Courage's victory, and that was that he was owned and trained by a great sportsman in Wing-Commander Read and ridden by our champion jockey, Gerry Wilson. And NOW for flat-racing—thank goodness!

Stars of the Stage

A Present and Coming Production, with an au-revoir

Left: A scene from "Double Door," by Elizabeth McFadden, at the Globe, a Grand-Guignolesque drama with an early-nineteenth-century setting Carol Goodner, as Anne Darrow, is on the left, and Sybil Thorndike, as Victoria Van Brett, is in the doorway, with candle. The latter is saying, "Come! Robert wants you to have your pearls"

"Double Door," at the Globe Theatre

William Davis

John Tilley of Revuedeville Fame

Above: John Tilley, the famous comedian, as a retired Army officer at a local meeting, one of the latest character-sketches of this clever actor, who is shortly making his début in America. It will be strange indeed if America does not appreciate the humour of this subtle character comedian

Sasha

"The Three Sisters," at Drury Lane

Left: Drury Lane re-opens in Easter week with a musical comedy, the music being provided by Jerome Kern, and the comedy by Oscar Hammerstein. Though words and music are American the play has an English theme, and a truly rural English setting. The three sisters of the title are seen on the left. Reading from l. to r., they are: Adele Dixon, Charlotte Greenwood and Victoria Hopper

(2) Mrs. John Musker and Miss Diana Mainwaring arrived at the Marble Arch Pavilion wrapped in large fur coats

(1) Sir John Lavery and Mr. H. G. Wells, both with cigar in hand, held a solemn-looking conference on their way in. Sir John Lavery is a regular at these events; Mr. Wells features but seldom among the first-night faces

(3) Lord Poulett had something of a Viennese look about him in his velvet-collared cape; with him was his sister, Lady Bridget Poulet

(4) The Hon. William Brownlow arrived with a cheerful, enjoying-himself expression

(5) Miss Winifred Paget and Mr. Guy Carleton, who are engaged, went to the première of "Emperor Jones" together

(6) Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Frankau saw something or other as they walked in, but the camera missed it out of the picture

Film Première of the Week

"Emperor Jones," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

(7) Lady Birkenhead (right) and her sister-in-law, Lady Smith, saw Paul Robeson in the film of Eugene O'Neill's play. (8) Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans brought his attractive wife, who wore a spray of roses on her velvet coat

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Right: Lady Anne Bridgeman, Mlle. Livia Paravicini and Mr. Clive went to the Café de Paris one evening last week

And so did that good-looking couple, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, who were married about this time last year

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Swaebe

Miss J. Madden, Captain R. Bourne, Lady Jane Montgomery and Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart having supper in a party at the Café de la Paix

Mr. Esmond Harmsworth is on his way back from the various Easts—Near, Far, and Middle—which he has been visiting for the past four months. Already sighted leaving Colombo, he is expected to be in Mereworth Castle or Northcliffe House within the next month.

Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge

THERE seemed only one question of importance last week: "What have you drawn in the Sweep?" Of course, the usual answer was "Nothing," but you knew somebody who had. And that 's about as far as it gets with most of us each year, although we continue to support Lord Powerscourt in the excellent arrangements which he makes in Dublin for the draw. There were two doubles on the Lincoln and National, but they, by now, have gone to help enrich Ladbroke's, Heathorn et Cie, and to assist Mr. Arthur Bendir to add another wing to Medmenham Abbey, his lovely riverside home.

THE Duke of Westminster, lately returned from Saint Saëns and wild-boar hunting, celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday, and received many congratulations. So have Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie and Miss Daphne Day, on having planned to make a camel journey through bandit country to Persia. Reports from across the Atlantic do not seem very favourable about the Mdivani who married Barbara Hutton: there is no truth in the report that her favourite gramophone record is "Marching Through Georgia." Her great friend, Miss Rosemary O'Malley Keyes, has added to her theatrical laurels (she features silently; her day for the "talkies" is evidently not yet) by going into the dress trade. Thelma Lady Furness is back from New York, where Lord Michelham and his brother, the Hon. Jack Michelham, have been giving such rollicking parties.

CAPTAIN "Jumbo" Jolliffe has returned from a "ginning" and slimming tour of South Africa. He has lost pounds in weight, I should think, by giving so many interviews to the Press in Durban. He saw Captain Buckmaster there, who seemed to be in very good form but did not in the least know why he was there. I think Buck's Club will see him back with the coming of the early summer—for Spring, only according to almanacks, is already with us.

Lady Sibell Lygon arriving at the "Midnight With the Stars" pageant at the Empire, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

In the musical world the B.B.C. had a few kind words, for once, said about its production of *Wozzeck*. Once one gets over the name, Alban Berg's drama and music present a work of great significance, both practically and theoretically. It is rather like getting past Sir John Reith's watch-dogs at his home in Beechy Bucks—although it seems improbable one would get a whisky and soda if one got as far as an interview. In the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert, Pierre Monteux, in a programme of French music, showed that he is one of the great conductors of the world. "Well, my boy," said Mr. Francis Toye, "you 'll never hear the Debussy nocturnes better played." Lord Ivor Churchill, too, listened with great intentness.

"Emperor Jones," at the Marble Arch Pavilion, collected quite a fashionable audience before he (Paul Robeson up) ran away into the woods and got killed by his native boy-friends. Sir John Lavery, whose wife is at last able to be moved from her bed of sickness to Mr. Edward Knoblock's house at Brighton, Lady Birkenhead, Lord Lurgan and Mark Hambourg were in the audience. Gilbert Frankau hurried off home as soon as it was over; he had got "stuck" in his new book with his three cavalry officers at Mons (what pukka Sahibs, by Jove!), and seemed uncertain what to do with them. But that was obvious—call in the Western Brothers to collaborate.

Mrs. Claude Beddington was in her best laughing form (and all theatregoers know what that means) at the After-Dinner Club last Tuesday. "Is the Press Becoming Too Personal?" was the subject of the debate, with Tom Webster, Sir Denison Ross and Cecil Roberts among the speakers. "Mother B." never minds those references to her hats, nor to that "lovely cinque-cento room in Hampstead, where the nightingales whistle." The bus numbers are on her p.c.'s, so as to give a touch of reality. By the way, where was Lady Bridget Poulett? It was a subject for debate in which she surely should have taken part.

Lord Weymouth, who has recently taken over the management of Gough's Cave (it 's in the Cheddar Gorge, not a new night-club), entertained a large party down there last Tuesday. They had a huge luncheon, and then saw stalactites and stalagmites, and, quite naturally, could not tell which was which. Having been in this Netherworld of Mendip for an afternoon, the party almost made another archæological discovery. The last was an axe-head, found by Lord Weymouth at the spot where he has built his luxury restaurant.

Prince and Princess von Bismarck having lunch together Chez Quaglino, the Princess wearing a black dress with a jabot at the neck and a little black hat on the back of her head

Our hard-worked débutantes were dancing every night last week. Non-stop revue artists lead a celestially slack life compared to the Season's new exhibits, who, poor little dears, are only to be allowed an Easter holiday. [Holiday from what, pray?—Editor] of a few days, and nothing at all at Whitsun, so severe is the programme in front of them. Now at Lady Twysden's dance, given for her daughter, Miss Pamela Blake, few of the little rosebuds wore conventional white. Miss Blake, for example, wore a backless golden dress, "with green velvet braces on the front of the bodice, tied in a knot round her neck." Let us hope not too tightly.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

The Ritz is an ever-popular place for lunch and drinks before lunch. Lord and Lady Blandford were there the other day having drinks, she in a nutria fur coat and dark-red hat with Robin Hood feather stuck in it. They went off in different directions to lunch elsewhere. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton was to be seen before lunch, in black, with her mother, Mrs. Holden. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Buist were talking to friends; she had on a suit of red trimmed with leopard fur, and a red hat to match. The Marquis de Casa-Maury was lunching with a girl friend, who looked as if neither he nor the food interested her much. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, as attractive as ever in black and silver fox and a halo hat, was tête-à-tête with that good-looking young Prince of Pless. Mrs. Trollope (of furnishing fame) was very well and smartly "upholstered" in a navy blue long coat lined with red, white, and navy blue check tweed, a scarf of the same, and navy blue felt hat with a red band round it. Mrs. Barford was in the same party as Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and had on brown and an ermine coat. Mr. Nigel Seeley didn't escape our eyes, nor did Mrs. Warden Gilchrist, in navy blue and grey

Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham and Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, both as well-dressed as anybody, marking their cards at Sandown

Sir Robert Throckmorton and Mr. Charles Sweeny both look as if their visit to the Florida was a serious and weighty affair

lamb. She is a most attractive Canadian and sister of Miss Evva Lewis, who has just returned from a trip to the West Indies, which she seems to have enjoyed enormously.

FUR coats were the order of the day for the Thursday of the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown, although one or two people appeared in their new spring outfits and said they weren't cold. However, most of them had top-coats on pretty soon! The second day looked like being wet, so there were a good many mackintoshes about, hiding layers of woollies as again it was cold. Lady Hampden arrived with a couple of daughters the first day, Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton in navy blue and Miss Elizabeth Brand in beige, with a red hat. Mrs. "Tiddley" Lucas brought her Persian-lamb coat to brave the elements. Mrs. Micklethwait was in the brightest of bright greens. Mrs. Gordon Foster, in a fur coat and grey hat with red and yellow spots on it, was talking to her brother, Captain Arthur Pilkington, at one moment of the day. Mrs. Tony Bellville was looking most attractive, as usual, and walking about with Captain Charlie Edmondstone. Captain and Mrs. du Buisson were together, she in a mink coat and navy blue everything else. Mrs. Violet Hirsch wore one of the smartest outfits: navy blue and white and red check (large ones) tweed three-quarter length coat, navy blue dress and a sailor hat (also blue) with a red band round it. Miss Kitty Archer-Shee was looking her best in a pale-blue dress and hat, with a beige long coat and silver fox over it. She had probably hoped to discard her coat, and it was bad luck that she couldn't without catching pneumonia.

THE Garrard twins (or, possibly, the same one seen twice) didn't escape notice either day. Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes was another who caught the eye, in a grey and white check tweed, with a pale turquoise blue hat which turned up all round. Lord and Lady Milton were together on the first day, she in green and brown and beige checks, with a brown hat and furs. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were greeting friends right, left, and centre. Lady Cambridge was with Mrs. Hedley and wore a coat of scilla blue and hat to match. Mrs. Crichton, who was with Lord Normanton, was in brown with a short coat of curled lamb. Major "Fruity" and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were noticed on the second day; they were probably there on the first, too, but were missed in the dense crowd. Mrs. Donald Cameron looked most attractive in scilla blue everything. Mrs. Piers Plowden was another wearer of red, white and blue checks (most patriotic!). She was taking no risks and wore gaiters.—MRS. PEEPS

Here is Ben Blue, who calls himself the all-American half-wit, doing a skating turn at the Café de Paris

Princess Aspasia of Greece wore a dress of bright pillar-box red when she went to the Savoy on Boat-Race night

Mrs. Duncan Neave was another luncher at "Quag's," and wore an amusing little bolero made from a red, white, and black striped silk scarf, all ruched and frilled

Roy Fox, who plays for dancing at the Café de Paris, is amused by Ben Blue's "half-witticisms"

Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, just back from his foreign travels, takes a look from the balcony at who's who at the Café de Paris

A New Star Has Been Created!

Anna Sten Makes Her Stellar Début in "Lady of the Boulevards"

Anna

S as *Nana, Emile Zola's Lovely Cocotte*

ANNA STEN has been for nearly two years in Hollywood, being taught English and groomed and polished for her first big film, her first star part. Six years she had been acting when Sam Goldwyn saw her in a German film and decided that here was the star he was looking for. And next week, when *Lady of the Boulevards* is shown at the Tivoli, London can see if he was right. In America the film was called *Nana* and is based on Emile Zola's famous novel of that name. It is directed by Dorothy Artzner. Phillips Holmes appears as the young lieutenant who falls for Nana's charms when she is a cheerful ragamuffin of the Parisian underworld of low cafés; Lionel Atwill is his brother, the Colonel, who meets Nana when she is a famous actress, and mistress of Greiner (Richard Bennett) who taught her her art. It is an interesting illumination of the cosmopolitanism of the screen that England and America are hailing as the new star of 1934 a girl who is half-Russian and half-Swedish, playing the part of a French cocotte in the 1860's

THE GRAND MILITARY

THE BOAT-RACE EVE BALL

Swaebe

(1) Mrs. Howard took her débutante daughter, Miss Pamela Howard, to Sandown. (2) Miss Phyllis Tyrwhitt-Drake, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and Miss Kerr were together when the camera came their way. (3) The Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait walked round with the Hon. Mrs. Colin Smith. (4) Miss Pamela Kingsmill and Miss MacEwen stopped to talk. (5) Miss FitzGerald and Miss Underdown were together on the second day. (6) Lady Milne, Field-Marshal Lord Milne's wife, was with her daughter, the Hon. Joan Milne. (7) Miss Lawson and the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie standing in the paddock. (8) Lord and Lady Northesk talking to Lady Hindlip

AN IMPORTANT INTRODUCTION

(13) Mrs. Patrick Campbell introducing Norma Shearer to her famous Peke, Moon Beam, against whose old age a trust fund has been invested. Mrs. Campbell is appearing with Norma Shearer in "Riptide," her new film with M.-G.-M.

Swaebe

(9) Miss Grove sitting-out with Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, who took a party to Claridge's, where the Ball was held. (10) Comte de Rosière and Miss Dorothy Hyson. (11) Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall, one of last year's débutantes, dancing with Mr. Treadwell, who is in the Scots Guards. (12) Sir Harry Brittain, the Chairman, talking to Miss Margery Bond and Miss Georgie Henschell, the secretary of the Ball, which was held in aid of the Dominion Students' Athletic Union and the National Union of Students

ROUNDABOUT . . .

Sport in England, Celebrities Abroad

(14) Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Wheatley in the bar of the Guilio Césare; they are doing a South African trip, and are due back in London in May. Mr. Wheatley's last thriller, "Black August," was published soon after Christmas. An earlier one, "Forbidden Territory," is going to be filmed before long

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Modern Tours and Ancient Enthusiasm

NEXT week-end Rugby footballers make holiday, and I hope the weather is as kind to them as it usually is at Easter. I remember Easter tours in South Wales—grand tours, they were—when the fire-engine had to operate on the Cardiff Arms Park ground to make it soft enough for our game to be played. Somehow the weather was always superb; we might leave London on Thursday afternoon with rain pouring down, but long before we reached the Welsh border the sun would break through, and we invariably woke to a cloudless sky on Friday. Then there were the chuck-abouts on the sands near our hotel, and some rather erratic golf, with football as a kind of necessary but relatively unimportant background to the agreeable business of enjoying ourselves.

There is nothing better than a well-organised Easter tour, and just about now I find myself wishing with particular intensity that I were not so irrevocably on the shelf. Still, this is no place for a display of melancholia; the tours go on, good luck to them, and it would be pleasant indeed to make the journey to Wales merely to sit on the touch-line when the Barbarians and the Harlequins are playing their matches.

Last year, you may remember, the Barbarians set up a record for themselves by winning all their matches, and for the third season in succession they beat Penarth, Swansea, Cardiff, and Newport—a fine performance. It is true that Mr. Haigh Smith had collected an uncommonly strong touring team, bristling with International players from all four countries, but even so, these Welsh clubs take some beating. Cardiff, for example, ran them very close, and it was only a brilliant individual display by W. Elliot which carried the Barbarians through by one goal and four tries to a couple of goals and one try.

I rather fancy that Swansea will give them most trouble in their coming tour, though once again they are a team of all the talents.

MUSING on high days and holidays, so to speak, has sent me delving back into the records, and whenever I delve in this way I come across evidence of the fact that our forefathers, if not rude, were at least exceedingly robust in their love of Rugby football.

I came across, for instance, an advertisement in the *Leeds Mercury* of March 7th, 1864, which ran—

FOOTBALL.—Wanted, a number of persons to form a football club for playing on Woodhouse Moor for a few days a week from 7 to 8 o'clock a.m. Apply K 99, Mercury Office.

Note, first of all, the time of day at which these enthusiasts were to turn out, and when there was sufficient response to the advertisement it was arranged that their game should start at half-past six every morning of the week! There 's keenness for you—I wonder how many of the modern generation would think the game worth the candle? What is more, this remarkable club recruited its members on the spot; if any onlooker appeared to be interested he was promptly roped in, asked for a shilling subscription, and we learn that "the club grew and soon numbered about 500 members, and the morning and evening practices became the sight of Leeds."

THEN I am reminded of the drawn match between England and Scotland at Glasgow in 1873, when the ground was so muddy that the English captain ordered his men to have bars of leather affixed to the soles of their boots. The two most dangerous players on the English side were H. Freeman, of the Marlborough Nomads, and C. W. Boyle, of Oxford University, a fact of which the Glasgow cobbler was apparently aware. At any rate, when the team came to collect their footgear, Freeman and Boyle were each a boot short. The cobbler's shop was ransacked unavailingly, and Boyle duly had to play "with a dress boot on his left foot," an odd sight indeed. It was only after the match that the cobbler—"the canny tradesman," as the historian calls him—discovered the missing boots, and ever since controversy has raged around the incident.

GOING back still further, I come again upon the story of the most remarkable tackle ever recorded. This was in the first match between England and Scotland, at Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, in 1871. In the only available account, we read that "Finlay had got well away with the ball, and was sprinting towards the English goal at hundred yards' speed, when Osborne, folding his arms across his chest, ran full tilt at him, after the fashion of a bull charging a gate. Both were very big, heavy men, and the crash of the collision was tremendous, each reeling some yards, and finally falling on his back. For a few seconds players and spectators alike held their breath, fearing terrible results, but the two giants promptly resumed their places, apparently none the worse."

I imagine that shock tactics of this kind led to the evolution of the hand-off, though the story has set me wondering whether tackling as we understand it was known in those days. Men were brought down more often, I think, on the rare occasions when they ran with the ball, by the somewhat crude methods of tripping-up or hacking-over.

ONE thing that has always struck me in reading accounts of early matches is the power and accuracy of the drop-kicking. Time and again we hear of players who could unerringly bang the ball over the bar from fifty or sixty yards' range. There was C. S. Dakyns, for instance, the famous "Pup" Dakyns, who, in the opinion of Arthur Guillemard, was "the best all-round footballer who ever donned a jersey." "Many a time," says Guillemard, "have I seen him drop a goal from a distance of fifty or sixty yards when an opponent has had firm hold of one of his arms but failed to get possession of the ball, which, held by the string, Dakyns would let fall from his unencumbered hand in front of an unerring foot." They must have been good old days, in every sense of the word.

(1) R. C. S. Dick (Scottish three-quarter) and Miss Faith. (2) E. R. Logan (Scottish scrum-half) and H. A. Fry (English wing-forward). (3) Miss Frankland and G. W. C. Meikle (English three-quarter). (4) Miss Morgan and J. W. Forrest (English forward) caught at the Dorchester

English and Scottish Players seen at a "Rugger" Ball. The wind-up of the International Season

Members of the Moseley Football Club

Tracked to Their Lair at the Reddings, Birmingham, by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

W. L. Burrows, Treasurer, and Chief of the Jug Department

Pybus Mair

John and Colin Trentham

"Merry" Merriman

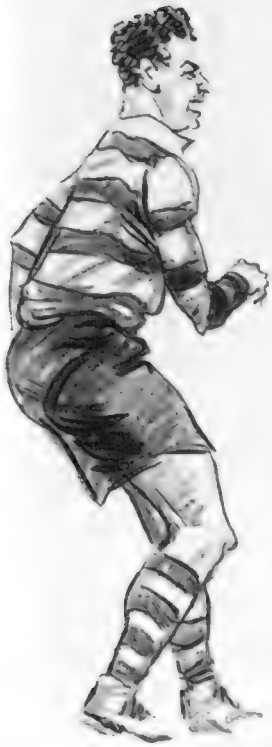
Howard Hill, Secretary and Touch Judge

The fighting parson: the Rev. P. L. C. Price

"Gest" G. E. S. Thompson, scrum-half

Jim Davis

"Emmy" Emblem



Trevor Roper

"Mac" Hutton

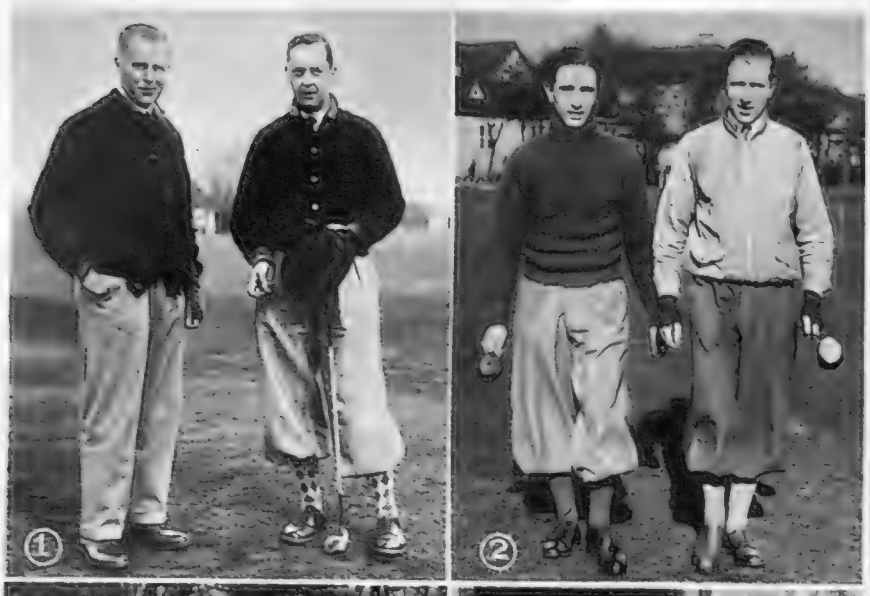
"Biffer" Broughton

Ernest Wright, skipper and full-back

W. H. Hill, stand-off half

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"



The Stag at Play—for the Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey

(1) J. K. Matthews and G. Ovendale. (2) A. McClure and F. McGloin. (3) W. Lister Hartley and G. H. Hill. (4) Douglas Grant and L. O. Munn, who all competed

(5) D. A. Drayson, R. Beare and G. V. Carter waiting to drive off

Steeplechasers to the Fore: the Grand Military

The United Services Steeplechase, run on the second day of the Park. The horses are seen taking the first fence in the race, Le Chêne (Mr. R. Harding up). The standard of amateur jockey-

THE club-cricket fixture-lists are beginning to roll in. By each post they come—Authentics, Incogs, Cryptics—and every day it becomes more difficult to fix my eyes dutifully upon the typewriter-keys.

It is a distracting game, this cricket of ours, and I suppose all over the country there are men saying to themselves: "It 's really a pity to give it up yet. Just one more season, and then I 'll settle down to family holidays." And with that sop to their conscience they reach for the list to see who is running the southern tour this year, and send in their names by the next post. Do you blame them? I certainly don't, for I 'm one of them myself. And I have forgotten that there is a north-easter howling round the house; it is better to think of the Saffrons, at Eastbourne, on a scorching August afternoon, and to run the eye reminiscently down the fixtures—the Blue Mantles, at Tunbridge Wells, the Hampshire Hogs, at Winchester, the Sussex Martlets, at Hove. I have an idea, moreover, that cricket of this kind will be especially refreshing after the austerities of the Australian invasion.

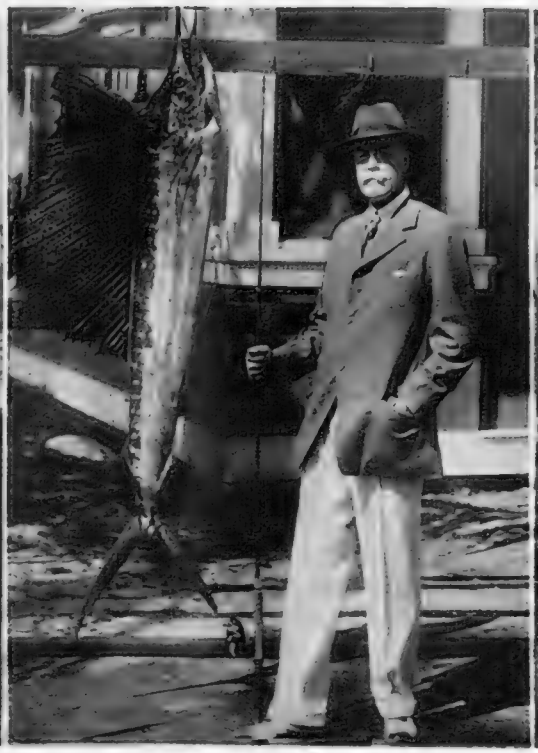
Incidentally, the latest bulletin says that Douglas Jardine will be able and willing to captain England if the selectors, in their wisdom, offer him the job. It will be a merciful thing when this affair of the captaincy is settled for good and all. On Wednesday fortnight, at any rate, we shall know the names of the Selection Committee, and then, no doubt, we shall be able to deduce whether England is to sacrifice her only captain on the altar of political expediency.

I EXPECT my esteemed colleague, Mr. Fairlie, has dealt faithfully elsewhere in this issue with the players so far nominated to represent Great Britain in the Walker Cup match against America early in May. I will not presume to compete with his peculiar and extensive knowledge of the subject, but I have heard people, in places where golf is much debated, wonder on what grounds Roger Wethered was chosen. It is true enough that Wethered, of recent years, has hardly lived up to his great reputation, and that he comes into the team on past performances rather than on present form, but there are two things strongly in his favour. The first is that St. Andrews is his happy hunting-ground, and the second is that personality is at least as important as playing skill when the Americans are our opponents. Wethered is a born golfer, but, more than that, he is hardly the sort of player to be intimidated either by the occasion or the reputation or idiosyncrasies of his antagonist. I am prepared to bet, here and now, that Wethered will win his singles match at St. Andrews.

THE golfing authorities, by the way, appear to be satisfied that young McLean, by ceasing to sell golf-balls and taking instead to sporting journalism, is now strictly an amateur within the meaning of the Royal and Ancient's new rule. I dare say they are perfectly right, and as a sporting journalist myself I should be the last person to quarrel with them. I do find the distinction a very difficult one, though, and I note that the committee appointed a year ago by the International Lawn Tennis Federation to enquire

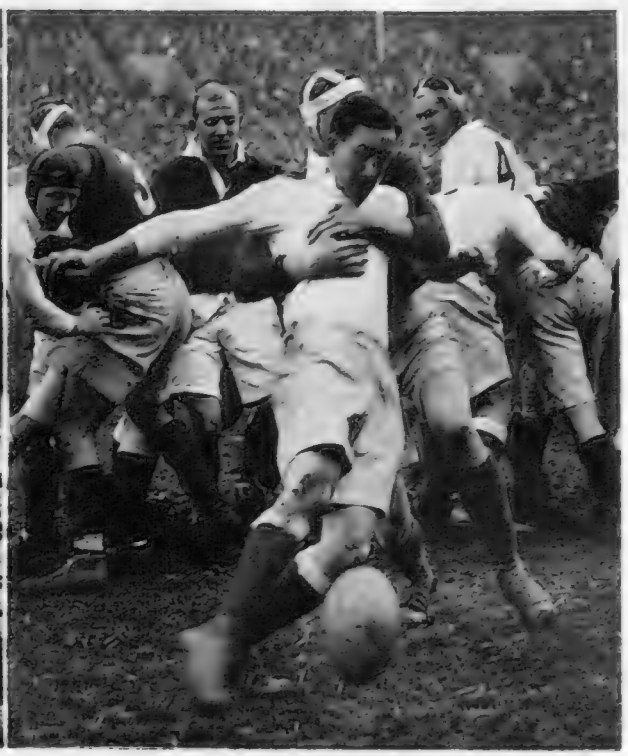
Meeting at Sandown Park

and Military Meeting at Sandown which was won by Mr. P. Hotham's Lip has never been higher than now



Where's Your Tunny Now?

Lord Ashburton with the giant sail-fish he caught off Palm Beach, where he has been wintering as the guest of Mrs. Payton J. Van Rensselear



England Wins the Calcutta Cup

B. C. Gadney, England's Captain and scrum-half, boots the ball away when tackled in the match when England beat Scotland at Twickenham by 6—3

America's Heavy-Weight

Max Baer, the giant Californian, who will, in all probability, be Carnera's next opponent for the World title

into lawn tennis amateur status has also come up against difficulties. This committee, whose report has just been presented at the annual general meeting of the Federation in Paris, seems to have a pretty poor opinion of the lawn tennis amateur as an amateur—an opinion which the English L.T.A. apparently shares.

THIS brings me to the French Rugby Federation, and the meeting their representatives had with representatives of the Home Unions on the eve of the Calcutta Cup match. As usual, no statement was issued, and the Rugby public were left to form their own opinions and start their own rumours. Why our Rugby officials delight in keeping us in the dark I can never understand, but there it is—we have to open up our own sources of information. I am told that the Home Unions did not consider that the Frenchmen had proved their case, and that there will, in consequence, be no resumption of fixtures yet awhile. I believe this to be accurate, and my belief was strengthened by two French journalists of considerable standing, who assured me that it would take at least another year to clean up the game in France. These journalists were extremely anxious that relations should be resumed, but one of them said: "Alas! the pity is that Rugby in our country is played by the wrong sort of men." I don't know what he meant by that precisely; Rugby football is played by all sorts and conditions of men over here, without noticeably bad results. Still, he may have implied something far more subtle.

We have our own troubles, of course; Richmond and the London Scottish are feeling sore—very sore—about the increasing number of matches at Twickenham, which take spectators away from the Athletic Ground. I can't see, myself, that the clubs have any reasonable ground for complaint, and I certainly do not think they have any cause for complaining of the way Commander Coopper has treated them on behalf of the Rugby Union. Commander Coopper, to my mind, is the ideal man for the very difficult job of Rugby Union secretary—courteous, tactful, and most efficient.

Footing it More Lightly

A. L. Warr, the Oxford wing three-quarter, who has also played for England, and Miss Dixon Smith at the "Rugger" Ball at the Dorchester held after the International Match

YOU will notice, perhaps, that I have reserved to the last any comment upon the Boat Race. Wasn't it a tragedy, though, that when Oxford lop eleven seconds off the previous record for the course, Cambridge lop off twenty-six seconds! That sums up the whole affair for me, and I begin to wonder whether the curse that has manifestly been laid upon Oxford rowing will ever be lifted.

Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

TUESDAY, April the Seventeenth, is the day when we shall know our fate. Is it to be sixpence or a shilling? Keep calm; but I think that the Budget surplus, which, incidentally, is the estimate for next year which we divide and not the actual for this, will turn out to be much smaller than the prophets have led us to believe. Still, if there is a bit for everyone, none of us need complain.

MR. CHURCHILL, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, may not, financially, have been up to much, but he did give us something for our money. The day of his Budget Speech in the Commons was like a Cochran-Coward first night; the fare was often slight, but there were always a few good lines, and the presentation left nothing to be desired. The décor, perhaps, was drab, but the star was at the top of his form—and word-perfect.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is different. One gets the impression he may, before he is finished, fetch the Mace up from under the table and ask for an offer. Now comes Mr. Hore-Belisha's chance. Major Elliot owes his position in the Cabinet, as much as anything, to his performances as Financial Secretary. If Mr. Hore-Belisha does as well he will have staked out a claim for himself that will have to be satisfied sooner or later—and, in his opinion, the sooner the better for everybody.

BUDGET-TIME produces a crop of societies and organisations which one has never heard of, and certainly never suspected of existence for the purposes they foster. Between April and February of each year they devote themselves, apparently, to the preparation of the protests and demands which they present during March. Does a Chancellor pay any attention to them? I doubt it. He sees their deputations, of course, gravely listens to them, and is "frank and explicit" in reply—the old prescription for concealing your own mind and confusing the minds of others.

THIS year the Archbishop of York created a diversion, but nothing like the diversion that was created in the Lobby last week by the circulation of a letter received by a Member from one of his constituents, dealing with the Archbishop and his kind in detail. There was a choice passage proposing legislation for making the Church of England responsible for its actions, and a Budget suggestion that the Ecclesiastical revenues might not only provide something for the unemployed, but beer into the bargain for the out-of-works in Lady Astor's Sutton Division of Plymouth. I dare not disclose more, but the eighteenth-century pamphleteers would not have despised its ribald conclusion.

MEMBERS of Parliament to-day are never assailed by the scurrilities that Fox and Pitt had to put up with. As for Swift, if he were alive he would undoubtedly be drawing the dole. The pendulum, however, has swung so far that at the present time the plain, unvarnished truth is seldom told. We are, I suppose, becoming a nice nation.

TAKE, for example, Sir Roger Keyes' speech. It was bad. Sir Roger would probably be the first to say so. The House was sympathetic. We cheered as he looked for his notes, and again during the intervals when he collected his thoughts. And we cheered when he sat down, because he is Sir Roger Keyes, a great sailor and a fine man. But as a Parliamentary performer he is a novice. It is fairer to him and to the public to have it said. As for his speech, his wasn't a triumph: it was a trial.

So Mrs. Mollison is making up her mind whether she will or will not stand for Parliament. She has no great urge, apparently; it is just one of many possibilities which must be considered for the future. I hesitate to call Mrs. Mollison a stunt candidate; but is she wise, on her own account, to exchange the joy-stick for the Division bell? I remember when "Kid" Lewis dreamt of leaving the ring for the arena, he could only induce 154 Whitechapel friends to vote for his return to Westminster.

THERE has been no dearth of candidates for North Hammersmith. In spite of all the gibes at "the talking-shop" and "the waxworks in the gas-works," men and women are still prepared to put up with all the injustices and indignities of a democratic election, in order to get to Parliament. Once there, some of them make up their minds very quickly that they will not go through it again. It is not worth it, perhaps.

MR. POTTER, I understand, is giving up at Eccles. He only came in in 1931. Mr. Wragg is not to fight at Belper again; but he is an old hand. He has had ten years of it, since 1923. He was out in 1929, but he fought in 1931. He could not resist, so back he came. Maybe he will change his mind? I hope he will.

IN the *Times* the other day, a National Conservative (surely the prefix is unnecessary?) who is fighting a by-election, advertised for pithy points for use at his meetings. Now, the only National Conservative I know of who is fighting a by-election is Mr. Drummond-Wolff, at Basingstoke. But can it be he who wants pithy points? Or is it someone keeping his powder dry? He should have no difficulty if these are his methods. The only danger is, he may start another drought.

The Great Balancing Act displayed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, while previous performers of the same trick, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Churchill, Sir Robert Horne and Lord Snowden, look on in admiration and envy

The New V-8 Saloon de Luxe (2 Doors), £255, at Works, Dagenham

Acceleration which is electrically instant, yet stealthily noiseless, free from fuss: Ventilation that is draught-free, but effected by hidden, silent mechanism: Head-room, elbow-room, leg-room affording luxurious comfort: Greater power for every drop of fuel, thanks to aluminium cylinder-heads and the dualised carburation and manifolding which give that marvellous acceleration: All-steel, one-piece body-work, lastingly safe and strong: Time-proof, as well as elegant, upholstery and trimming: Weather-proof external finish: Steering, suspension, brakes of the best: Controls so conveniently to hand that the longest drive leaves you as fresh as your passengers, at its end.

All this is yours in the New V-8, the car demonstrably worth four or five times its price, as even a brief test-run will prove.

Literature, and a trial arranged with the local Ford Dealer, are yours upon request.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED. DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Golf Clubs at Home

Colonel Bogey and "The Bystander" Photographer at Cooden Beach

(1) H. S. Pike (Member of the Committee), H. G. Coghlan (Captain), who returned the best score, handicap 5—1 down. (2) T. Malcolm and Major C. T. Wright Warren. (3) H. W. Gill and E. C. Howard. (4) Dr. V. Croley and W. H. Hughes. (5) F. A. Boardman, H. H. Kent, and R. G. Kincaid. (6) G. E. Hart and H. E. Carey. (8) R. Garnham and G. F. Straker. (9) S. D'Urban Shearing and Capt. Booker Milburn

(7) Brig.-Gen. C. S. Pritchard (the Cooden Beach Club Secretary), Wing-Com. J. C. M. Lowe, Harold Hilton (ex-Amateur Champion) and A. R. Aitken

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk"

Caricatures by "Jonk"

W. J. Hakim

One of the three candidates

EASTER has already started to drive us to press early, so that, although the results of the Committee election were known several days ago, as we go to press we are still all in the dark. Everyone was very sorry that Allan Cameron was compelled by ill-health to stand down, as he is extremely popular; his resignation created the only vacancy. Of the three new candidates put forward, Walter Morison, a son of our "Grandfather Christmas," who, incidentally, was Liberal M.P. for Hackney for many years, is a jobber in the industrial market, and a textile specialist; he reads everything that concerns his market, and frequently visits the centres of the textile industry. He also writes the monthly review that his firm brings out. He eats work, as well as good dinners, is already on the Benevolent Fund Committee, and is one of the best-liked men in the House. Prudence is his motto as well as his Lodge.

THEN there was W. J. Hakim, who until quite lately was a jobber too, but has now become a broker. He is an elderly man, with considerable experience and knowledge, a charming manner, and the sort of sense of humour that can appreciate a joke against himself. The third candidate was C. W. Goff, who stood last year as one of the representatives of the Unofficial Committee who were dealing with the matter of split commissions.

IT looks as if the membership of the House remains about level for the new year which started on March 25th. The lists of "ins" and "outs" were practically of equal length, each list bearing fifty to sixty names. It is not generally known that membership of the Stock Exchange only lasts a year, and that each member has to seek re-election annually, his application being approved by the Committee.

WE are glad to hear that "Gubby" Allen, the Middlesex and England cricketer, is on the way to convalescence after his operation. He had only quite recently come into the House. His complete absence of "side" was very refreshing. He seems of such a retiring nature that few people outside his own circle of friends have realised that he is in the House at all.

OUR third picture this week is of Mr. Harold Hardy, who is quite one of the best "characters" in the House. He wears the most perfectly old-fashioned clothes; in fact, although he has been a member for fifty-four years, we can't but think that the style of his dress belongs to an even earlier date than that of his entry into business. His hat is a particular joy, and is famous all over the City. There is a pretty legend that one day, when Mr. Hardy was in St. Paul's, a visitor asked the verger who the gentleman was standing there, and was told that he was Christopher Wren's broker. Whether or not this story has any foundation, it is, anyhow, true to say that Mr. Hardy is a staunch supporter of the Church.

Mr. Harold Hardy

"Christopher Wren's Broker"

Walter Morison

Another Committee candidate

IT was bad luck that Major Karo, who commands the House Cadet Company, was unable, because of illness, to attend the Torchlight Tattoo of the City of London Cadet Brigade at the Agricultural Hall. We have written before of Major Karo's keenness about his company; he would have been prouder than usual to see them in the drill, P.T., and club-swinging displays in which they took part. The Duke and Duchess of York went on the Friday, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs on the second night. There were lots of members there too, and the Chairman saw the first performance.

A FIRM of brokers who do a good deal of country business sent to a correspondent, whose telegraphic address was "Prison," a wire making a bid for five hundred Rovers. They were surprised that no answer came back to them, but not so surprised when it was found that the wire had been misdirected, and had been delivered to the local prison instead. The Governor did not take the bid seriously, and sent it back for confirmation.

THESE wood chocolates, for jobbers to give to other jobbers, are a good idea. They're all got up in proper chocolate-boxes, and look completely convincing. Is it surprising that, as even "Ex-Lax" was too popular with the sweet-tooths, wood should now be the substitute?

WE like the ingenious request of a lady client who asked her broker if he knew of something special for a "safe gamble." If only we knew the answer . . .

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Wit and Dreariness:

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. EVELYN WAUGH, novelist, critic, traveller and wit, takes a very different view of the hardships of exploration from that of Mr. Peter Fleming. Mr. Fleming, it will be remembered, wrote last year a delightful book on his adventures in Brazil, in which he devoted a lot of space to an artful, and at the same time, benignant, debunking of the pretensions of travellers. Mr. Waugh, on the other hand, in his new book, *Ninety-Two Days* (Duckworth; 12*s.* 6*d.*), considers that the life of an explorer in the wilds is about as unpleasant a life as can be led. The book is a record of a journey in the hinterland of British Guiana. (Mr. Waugh has divided up the world between himself and his brother Alec, and they have pledged themselves not to poach on each other. British Guiana fell to Mr. Evelyn.) It is a record of an astonishingly courageous adventure upon strange rivers, and through vast savannahs and unknown jungles to the very borders of Brazil. The land is sparsely inhabited by human beings but very thickly inhabited by insects, and Mr. Waugh's descriptions of the latter make one wonder whether Mr. Fleming has some queer immunity from bites of insects. Mr. Waugh certainly has not, and he tells us that he hardly slept a single comfortable night in the open for the burning all over his body of insect-bites. In these days, when colonels and lieutenant-generals are so positive that the modern generation is flabby and decadent, it is odd to find so many young men and women undertaking such incredible feats of endurance. I wonder where Mr. Alec Waugh is going to travel to next? It is his turn to give us something as enchanting as his story of his journey to the West Indies, and then it will be Mr. Evelyn's turn to give us one of his novels.

ARCHY, the famous cockroach, is back again, pounding away on his type-writer in the composition of a life of mehitabel, the cat. Mr. Don Marquis is quite one of the most original of wits, and in *archy's life of mehitabel* (Faber and Faber; 5*s.*), he has plenty of scope in which to play. As in the earlier book, the poor cockroach can never quite reach the shift-keys of the typewriter in order to make punctuation-marks or capital letters, and his poems in free verse have, therefore, all to be written without either. It must be hard work for poor archy, for he has to use his head to butt the keys of the machine one at a time. But in this new book there is one notable occasion on which the shift-key gets jammed and he is able to write nineteen lines of poetry all in capitals. It is a delirious moment for the little chap. This is a fair example of the poems of the cockroach—

> the trouble with
> most people is
> that they
> lose their sense of
> proportion
> of what use is
> it for a
> queen bee to fall in
> love with a bull

"THE STREET OF PAINTED LIPS," by Mr. Maurice Dekobra (Werner Laurie; 7*s.* 6*d.*) seems to me to be quite an unnecessary book. It is the story of a town on the Mediterranean, in the disreputable quarter of which the wife of a British Governor-General of an Indian State has been immured by an angry husband. This in itself is an unlikely happening. Indeed, the occasions on which it can have happened in real life can be counted on the fingers of one hand, or even less. When you add to this unpleasant subject a number of extremely unpleasant details, a stilted and unreal style of writing, and a pseudo-cosmopolitanism, the result is not a particularly attractive book. I do not know where Mr. Dekobra gets his ideas of life in London, but it must be from a singular source when he can make a girl say—

"I met all sorts of people that a young girl in my position would never dream of: Members of Parliament, noblemen and peeresses with dazzling jewels, society journalists, members of the Savage Club, actors, *Punch* artists, and very advanced young women who had *garçonnières* in Chelsea."

How pleased and surprised the members of the Savage Club will be when they read it. But my point is that the man who wrote that sentence cannot be quite such an expert in the lives and societies of the great cities of the world as he is made out to be. It is, perhaps, excusable to be unaware of the procedure usually adopted by Governor-Generals who are cross with their wives. For foreign novelists meet so few Governor-Generals, and when they do meet one they probably feel a certain reluctance in asking the crucial question. But not to know the position in the social world of the Savage Club is to confess oneself rather ignorant.

Mikhail Sholokhov

The author of "And Quiet Flows the Don." He is a Don Cossack who fought during the Great War and afterwards in the civil war that ravaged Russia. His first work was published in 1923, but it was not until 1929, when the first volume of "And Quiet Flows the Don" was published, that he attracted considerable attention and was hailed as a leading novelist in the Soviet Union. Putnam are publishing the English translation of his new work, "Virgin Soil"

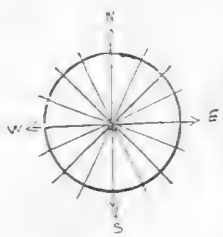
A DIFFERENT sort of book on the same sort of theme is *She Done Him Wrong*, by Miss Mae West (Long; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The difference lies in the treatment. Miss West has made no attempt at bogus culture. She simply sweeps with enormous gusto on a flood-tide of villainy and debauchery. I will not say that the white slave trade is ever likely to make a jolly subject for a novel, but if it has to be written about, I infinitely prefer the rollicking Rabelaisianism of Miss West to the sly, man-of-the-world sniggers of Mr. Dekobra.

TAKE a few faint, lingering echoes of Froissart, add a touch of Stanley Weyman, bring to a tepid simmer. Sprinkle with a soupçon of Anthony Hope, garnish with Jeffery Farnol and serve with lumps of heavy suet, and there you have the recipe by which *A Law Unto Themselves* (Davies; 7*s.* 6*d.*) appears to have been made by Miss Loveday Prior. An evening contemporary has chosen this book as the book of the month, and the choice is even queerer than some of the Book Society choices. *A Law Unto Themselves* is about turbulent and brutal barons in thirteenth-century Austria. There are hangings and mutilations and forays and plunderings. But, for a book with this large scope, there are very few exciting moments, and hardly a single living character. The action is slow, the intrigues of one lordling against another are very monotonous, and the whole thing is strung out at an interminable length. It is hard luck on Miss Prior that her setting, though not, of course, her era, should be more or less the same as Miss Mary Mitchell's in *A Warning to Wantons*. For Miss Mitchell's descriptions of the scenery were full of a warm, glowing poetry, and it is difficult to follow in such vital footsteps. Reading *A Law Unto Themselves*, I felt rather like a mariner who is trying to row a boat through a lot of seaweed. The main item on the credit side of Miss Prior's balance-sheet is her perseverance and tenacity in bringing her long tale to a final conclusion. She is certainly no shirker of work.

ONE of the most attractive evening gowns to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove is this distinguished model of deep blue crêpe romain. It has a high neckline, a low V at the back, the semblance of a bustle, a cleverly darted waistline and a train of moderate length

Lenare

For your Easter Holiday



HARRODS have this very smart coat and skirt of white linen which has a navy blue leather bootlace belt

THIS beach ensemble is made of yellow Celanese crêpe. The trousers are three-quarter length and the coat is lined with red and green

Tunbridge

Bond Street and Thereabouts

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

How would you like a blue and white plaid taffeta blouse, with a ruffle at the neck in front and short puff sleeves to wear with skirt and three-quarter length wool coat of matching blue? Victor Stiebel has this.

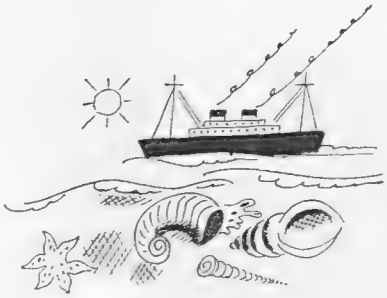
Or would you prefer a one-piece dress of fancy blue and white wool, long sleeved and with a fairly tight skirt worn beneath a three-quarter-length cape of navy with slits in it for the arms to pass through? Stiebel also has this.

Or do you require a patterned black-and-white dress with pleats in front and a long black coat, collarless but tied with a bow of the material at the neck and long plain sleeves? The coat is lined with the same material as the dress, and it is excellent for afternoons in town when one doesn't want a tailor-made. Harvey Nichols have this.

These three costumes represent the three most typical styles of the moment: skirt and matching three-quarter length coat with a patterned blouse, woollen dress with contrasting or matching short cape and long coat of plain material lined with the same patterned material as the dress.

Do you want a pale blue ensemble? It seems as if we are all going to wear this delicate shade this spring and deal with our cleaners' bills as best we can. Isobel has a charming one consisting of a dress of pale blue cloth with a square neckline and short sleeves, sections of flat pleats let into either side of the skirt, and a waist-length cape which ties around the waist and at the neck. Incidentally, this model would look equally well copied in black.

Do you long for a short fur cape? You should, even if you don't, for they are one of the smartest of the new season's whims. W. W. Reville-Terry have the most enchanting ones. A square-cornered brown Persian lamb tied by its two paws in front was particularly attractive, and a moleskin cut on rather straight lines and with square shoulders was another good suggestion. Most of these capes are made of Persian lamb, dyed ermine, sable dyed squirrel or mole, and for evening white ermine, of course. Nearly all of them reach just to the waist and cannot be termed strictly practical, though what you lose in warmth you definitely make up in chic. Another type of cape which is seen a great deal is made of fox skins, usually three, and fits closely around the shoulders and upper arms. This looks equally well with an afternoon or an evening gown provided the latter is slim and made of a tailored material such as satin—a cape of thick fur looks bulky and dowdy over a flounced and frilled skirt.



Do you want a new hand-bag of calf with large wooden initials on it? You certainly would if you saw it. Harvey Nichols have this in several colours. The new bags are rather flat, very neat, do not greatly favour mounts, unless they are of mirror and the bag is of velvet (this for evening, of course, and quite the smartest I've seen for a long time.) The mirror can be white or peach coloured, the velvet any colour you wish and the lining matches the mirror.

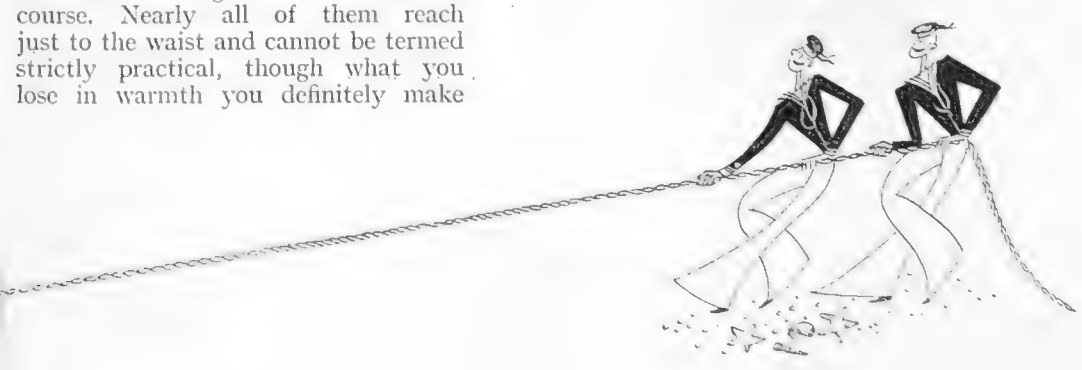
Do you like the idea of a wisp of a tulle coat to slip on over a plain evening gown? Marshalls have an adorable yellow one which looks like a frilled cape, but keeps on without clutching. They show this over a black crêpe-de-Chine gown patterned in multi-colour flowers, but I can't think of a better method of ringing the changes or of giving new life to a beloved, but not quite débutante black gown.

Here's a welcome piece of news for daughters on small allowances, and what daughter isn't, at least in her own opinion? Marshalls have opened a new department which I think smacks of the miraculous, for they are going to show models from one to three guineas! It is under the direction of Mrs. Reading, who buys for their model gown department, so we are certainly going to get our money's worth here. I advise you to go and look at it at once.

Then Harvey Nichols have brought out a magazine which is unusually well got up—indeed, we fashion editors may well look to our laurels—and they'll send it to you at once if you wish. The coloured cover is too good to miss.

Leathercraft is another firm who have news for you. Alex Lord has a number of good ideas, not the least interesting of which is suède dresses. These are very supple and well cut, and utilise strong colour contrasts. A green one had a brown yoke and belt and a charming grey one with a yellow scarf will be illustrated in next week's issue. She also makes the most incredibly smooth and neat-looking white leather coats and skirts, the coats of Norfolk cut, and provides patterned silk or woollen scarves to accompany them, also attractive short-sleeved woollen jumpers and gauntlet gloves of a contrasting colour. Small pull-on hats too. And some of the designs she showed me of bathing suits being specially made for her are not to be lightly overlooked. Pigeon-hole this in your mind, and run in and see her.

M. G.



Music (and all That)

A Truly Great Pianist

By "Melos"

—And as Alberich, in "Rheingold"

Richard Bitterauf in "Wozzeck"—

In the B.B.C.'s concert performance of Alban Berg's opera, "Wozzeck," a fortnight ago, which Adrian Boult conducted, Richard Bitterauf, of the Stuttgart Opera, sang the name-part. Without scenery, costume, or action, Herr Bitterauf succeeded in conveying perfectly to his audience the tragedy of the pathetic, baffled, tormented creature that Wozzeck is, and the great applause which he received after the performance was a tribute as much to the actor as to the singer. On the left is a photograph of Bitterauf as Alberich, in "Rheingold"

RACHMANINOFF—the aloof, the remote, the melancholy, but by no means the cold—has paid us one of his rare visits. It is when I hear a pianist of his calibre that I would marvel more than ever at the hysterical superlatives poured out before a certain pedantically conscientious Teuton of one-sixth of his ability, did I not know precisely how, and why, such superlatives come about. Now that Paderewski is an old man, who rarely emerges from retirement, Rachmaninoff is surely the greatest pianist; I can say with all honesty (and I am not given to saying anything in any other fashion) that no pianist gives me fuller pleasure. His Chopin is perfect, and his playing of his own works quite inimitable. No one can write for the piano as he does; apart from the genuine musical value of those compositions, he is above all things so *pianistic*.

At his Queen's Hall recital, he did not play any of his concertos, for he had chosen to dispense with an orchestra, thus saving much expense. But what he did he did to perfection. The concertos are heard with comfortable frequency—notably No. 2 in G minor, which is none the worse for being popular. Hardly a month goes by without it being played. The others are almost as good, notably the last one (the fourth), which he played at the Queen's Hall about a year ago. Rachmaninoff is the last of the great Russian romantics, one of the Tchaikowsky school, but without Tchaikowsky's occasional lapses into impassioned vulgarity.

THE following afternoon, at the same Hall, Miss Harriet Cohen played a not very interesting Bach concerto rather languidly, also the piano part of young Willie Walton's "Sinfonia Concertante" very well indeed, though she could hardly make it effective. This is a vigorous but a noisy and over-rhythmic work, with a poor last movement, founded, apparently, on the theme of the Army bugle-call "Come to the Cook-House Door, Boys." The piano being treated not as a solo instrument, but as a part of the orchestra, the pianist does not get much chance. Miss Cohen's task seemed to be most difficult. Knowing her conscientiousness, I take it for granted that she was playing the right notes. Much of the work, however, is loud and so deliberately cacophonous, that it would really not have mattered had she played a mass of wrong ones.

IT is a pity that so little music has been written for the oboe as a "star turn," as it were. Handel turned his attention to this instrument, which is lovely when played as Leon Goossens plays it. He is the King of Oboe-ists. At this concert the most exquisite item was one of Handel's oboe concertos—a short work, but one of supreme musical value. Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted, revels in Handel, and a sort of seraphic smile of enjoyment spreads over his features whenever he is concerned in any way with his music. What a judge!

I DO not know how many people, after listening-in to Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* for a while, switched off their wireless and staggered, fainting, to the whisky decanter. Probably not a few. For this strange music must have sounded perfectly horrible over the ether, as, indeed, I am informed that it did. It also sounded horrible in the Queen's Hall, but horrible in the right way, which is not such a paradox as it seems.

In the Hall it was possible to appreciate the subtleties and complexities of the score, which the wireless distorts or swamps. Since this was a concert performance, with no scenery, costumes, or stage action, and little to indicate what it was all about beyond the account of the sordid, tragic plot in the programme, one had, as it were, to cling on to that score. Berg is a composer—one of the "atonality" gang—who indulges in wild dissonances which he tries, I think unsuccessfully, to link up with classical forms. In the latter respect, his music is pre-Wagnerian; thematically it is post-Wagnerian, post-Straussian, and post every imaginable composer. If I say that it is utterly hideous, it would mean a plunge into a long and probably dull discourse on æsthetics generally, and the relative meaning of beauty. If I say that it is music which exercises a peculiar fascination by its sheer colour and vitality, it is nearer the truth—and less trouble.

PROBABLY no singers have ever been confronted with such difficulties at the Queen's Hall as were Herr Bitterauf (who played the title-rôle at Stuttgart), Miss May Blyth, Mr. Parry Jones, Mr. Walter Widdop, and Mr. Percy Heming. All sang in German, and all were excellent. But I hope they gave their voices a good long rest afterwards. Dr. Adrian Boult performed something like a miracle in piloting this formidable stuff to a successful conclusion.

The Yanks Have an Eye for It

They Had a "Search for Beauty" and These Are What They Found

"SEARCH FOR BEAUTY" is the Paramount film at the Plaza, in which all these lovely girls from all over the world appear—and they are by no means the only ones. Their job is to boost a "health and beauty" stunt, and they don't fail; how could they? They dance and drill and display their charms as only Hollywood-trained girls know how. Larry "Buster" Crabbe and Ida Lupino head the starring cast of the film, which comes up for review on another page

(1) This is Nita Harvey, whom the Paramount scouts found in England; she comes from Golders Green. (2) Agnes Craney hails from Long Beach, California. (3) Gwenllian Gill is a Scot; Edinburgh is her home town. (4) Stella Bailey is another American: she went across to Hollywood from New York. (5) And Lucille du Toit comes all the way from South Africa

Flying Over the Centre of the City

By Charles Ward

A Place in the Sun

A Leopard Moth over London on a dull winter's day. Those who don't fly miss one of the world's wonders, a journey above that fantastic, ever-changing "sea" of cloud which hides the sun

An Overhead Airport for London

WHENEVER a novel scheme of any kind is mooted, considerable opposition is forthcoming on the day after the publication of the details. In the case of the project to erect a Central Airport for London at King's Cross, the details have not yet been published, but, nevertheless, the various societies for protecting amenities are taking action. The detailed design of the landing platform has not been completed, for the reason that its shape at the edges must be the subject of careful model tests to ensure a free flow of air unlikely to cause "bumps," which might put a pilot at a disadvantage when coming in to land. An airport of this kind would be reserved, in all probability, for machines with the lowest possible landing-speed, the Autogiro and the Helicopter being obviously suitable. Used as air-taxis to the aerodromes of departure for the Continent, which form a semi-circle around the South of London, for air-mail connections, and as aerial Carter Patersons for urgent freight, direct-lift aeroplanes would be invaluable, and the obvious base from which to operate such machines would be in the vicinity of a railway terminus, where motor-coaches, tubes, trams, buses—ground transport generally—could serve the same centre.

The Autogiro at Sea

SEÑOR JUAN DE LA CIERVA, inventor of the Autogiro, its demonstration pilot, and a "salesman" of considerable ingenuity by reason of his flying skill, has been engaged recently on a tour of Spain, his native country. As an antidote to threats of revolution, the progress of the Autogiro through Spain has proved most successful—culminating in a landing and take-off on the deck of the Dedalo, probably the smallest Aircraft-Carrier in the world. Señor Cierva was flying his latest model, C 30, the direct-control type for which A. V. Roe, the well-known aircraft constructors of Manchester, have acquired the licence to build and sell in this country. The British Air Ministry has placed an order for ten of these machines, to be used for Army co-operation work and possibly with the Navy. The price of the machine, for private use or as an air-taxi, is £1250, ready to fly, and deliveries can be made towards the end of June.

A Light 'Plane with the Guns

DUCK-shooting from the air is a sport which has been practised with indifferent success for at least twenty years. There was a police court case a few months ago, when a private owner was fined for low flying and alleged "cruelty" to ducks over some deserted marshes in S. Wales, whereas, of course, the pilot and his passenger took some risk of a forced landing in the mud and did little damage to the birds. The use of an aeroplane to reconnoitre the shoot seems quite sound, and has been adopted by Mr. William Whitbread, a former Master of the Cambridge Trinity Foot Beagles and the owner of the Norton Bavant polo team. He is now the owner of a Leopard Moth, and uses the 'plane to review the prospects of sport and the movements of the wily bird before the shoot commences. With pre-war aeroplanes of the type Bristol Box-Kite and Maurice Farman, it was just possible to collect a duck without the aid of a gun, for there were so many struts and wires holding the wings together that the space between the 'planes became a bird-cage.

Faster Mails to the Dominions

ALTHOUGH a "change over" from the train journey between Paris and Brindisi on the Imperial routes, to an all-air service, cannot be made for three months, the Air Mail schedules to India and Africa are being shortened by one day from April 14th next. For the first time, India will be within five days of London, and Cape Town no more than nine, whilst a further speed-up beyond Calcutta will reduce the journey from London to Singapore to eight days, which compares favourably with the Dutch Air Mail. The section from Brindisi to Cairo, with a landing opposite the Semiramis Hotel, will be carried out in 14 hours. The "Scipio" class flying-boats used across the Mediterranean are the most comfortable of British passenger-aircraft, and their speed is high enough to cover this 1300-mile stage between dawn and darkness, including a stop of one hour at Athens. When the train link is eventually abolished, Marseilles and Corfu will become overnight halts and, with facilities for night flying, which should be established next year, Egypt will be brought within two days of London. A newspaper service to South Africa has been instituted during the visit of Prince George, papers and periodicals being carried by air-mail to Johannesburg. Striking instances of the value of the Imperial air-service to Africa are constantly coming to light. An invalid, for whom a special bed was installed, travelled from South Africa to London with his doctor and was certified in better health on arrival than before he left his home. Service of another kind was given to a motorist in Juba, who sent a telegram to London on a Monday morning for essential car-spares, and received his consignment one week later.

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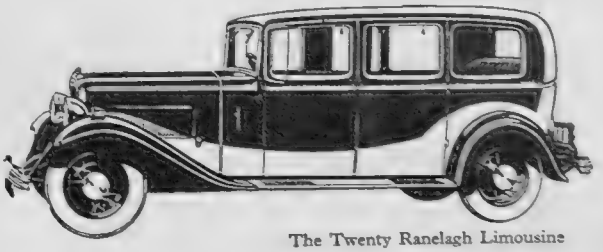
Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

And Rosemary had plenty to say . . . in fact like a saleswoman to the manner born! What other car, she had pointed out, had such a reputation for *dependability*—the one thing that every motorist demanded above all? Had she tried the new Austin gear-change—the Synchromesh—how easy it made things? If running expenses were a consideration, she had added, Austin certainly scored heavily. And what an improvement in appearance and design the latest Austins showed. 50 models to choose from! The low lines, achieved by the cross-braced drop frames (really technical she got) which did so much to banish body-rattle. The latest type springing, the larger, more efficient brakes, the *rear* seats adjustable as well as the front. Why, she finished up, good as the Austin had always been as a motoring investment, it was even better than ever with so many advancements.

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN



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Motoring Notes

Left: the Vauxhall "Light Six" taking one of the seven hair-pin bends at Inverfarigaig, twelve miles from Fort Augustus

Below: a picture of Stanton, in Worcestershire, a village entirely unspoilt by modern development. The car in the foreground is an Alvis "Speed Twenty" Saloon

A Rush for a Car

THE Vauxhall folk have been busy at their factory and have had to extend the works in order to cope with the rush of orders for their cars. Owing to the unprecedented demand, delivery became somewhat delayed, but having spent a little matter of £500,000 on extensions, immediate delivery is now possible.

One reason for the rush is the success attending the introduction last summer of the Vauxhall "Light Six," which is now listed in the £200 class, and is a marvel for the money. This car is in every way worthy of the makers' name, and its lively performance on the road, pleasing appearance, and refinements, such as synchro-mesh gears and "no-draught ventilation," have been appreciated by the public to such an extent that it far exceeded the expectations of the Vauxhall Co.

A Rally to Hungary

A RALLY to Budapest, the romantic capital of Hungary, is proposed next May by that enterprising body, the Riley Motor Club. The start will take place from London on Friday, May 11th, and the arrival home will be on Tuesday, May 29th. A unique feature of the event is that the "entry fee" covers every kind of expense—Customs papers and requirements, the Channel crossing, petrol and oil, hotels, food, and even gratuities. The total cost for the 19 days' holiday varies from only £32 to £45 per head, according to the type of car and the number of passengers carried—the more members per car, of course, the cheaper the rate. Many motorists are deterred from touring abroad owing to the fear, usually unjustified, of breaking down in some desolate spot. Remote as is this contingency, it can have no serious consequences in the Riley Rally, for a service van staffed with two mechanics will follow behind the event. No charge will be made for service, other than the ordinary cost of any spare parts required. It is intended that on the outward journey a day shall be spent at Ypres and another day at the equally historic city of Verdun, whilst visits to other famous war area spots will be included. The arrival at the Hungarian capital has been timed for Whit Monday, to coincide with the "round the houses" Grand Prix of Budapest. The return trip will include the beautiful Rhine Valley and the historic Belgian cities. Riley owners who would like further particulars should apply to the Hon. Sec. of the Club, Mr. E. H. Reeves, "Claregate," Birmingham Road, Wylde Green, Warwickshire.

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The Rich Little Poor Girls

By Comyns Beaumont

Now this is a story of "Les Girls"—not of those who adorn the floor of the Dorchester, nor the poor little rich girls we hear so much about, but of the rich little poor girls who, by the vagaries of fate, have no one to lavish the luxuries of life upon them, but are happy despite it. They are mothered by that remarkable institution, the Waifs and Strays Society, and tended by the kind Matrons and nurses. I came to look into the work of this Society, with their vast responsibility of over 4500 children, more or less by chance. It has been an unexpected and almost exhilarating experience. I have seen these children, at the tenderest age, dumped upon the Society, like the infant sucking philosophically at her bottle. I have seen them in various stages, small boys and girls, bigger children, cripples in one of the six Cripple Homes, boys being trained for the land, or in other occupations which offer them secure jobs, and now, here, I come to the girls.

First stage: where Baby reigns—a tiny mite at one of the Waifs and Strays Society's Homes

Second stage: off to school. An older girl conducts the little ones, to see they are safely delivered. All these girls attend the local Elementary Schools

This particular Home (one of over 100) exists at Harrow, and is called St. Saviour's Home. Girls are received there from five-and-a-half years of age, and stay to nearly sixteen, when, having been given an Elementary School education, they are taught needlework and housewifery at the Home. They run the Home themselves, learn to cook, learn laundry-work, and finally become "house-girls," prior to getting places in a family. Needless to say, these girls are rapidly snapped up. The pictures here show you what I call three stages in their existence. The first as a baby, in a Waifs and Strays Home at Streatham, the second stage shows them going to school, and it will be seen that, while, like school-girls, they wear the school hat, these children are not marked by being put in a uniform. Thirdly, as the finished product, ready to go into the world and earn their living.

Dinner time—the smiles are occasioned by the facetious remarks of the photographer. The Matron of this Waifs and Strays Home is seen in the background superintending the meal

You see beside them here a kindly pastrycook of Harrow, Mr. Barritt, who has just brought them a basketful of dainties. The dinner stage is, of course, not peculiar to them, although important, but they had just enjoyed roast mutton, potatoes and onion sauce, and a roly-poly pudding.

Good-bye, rich little poor girls, with your smiles, and your capacity to enjoy a simple treat! Good-bye, Elizabeth, Pat, Ivy, Daphne, and the rest of you! You are the poor who are rich indeed.

A contribution of £36 keeps a child like this for a year, but the smallest gift is welcome to the Waifs and Strays Society, who are doing such splendid work. The Secretary, at the Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11, will be happy to send full particulars to those interested in the work.

Photographs by W. Davis

Third stage: the "House Girls." These girls are now fully trained for domestic work. Standing by is a friend of the Society, who has presented them with a basket of cakes and buns

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Walker Cup Team

A. C. Pope, R. Woolf, and M. Ostrer, competitors for the Antlers of Mid-Surrey

By the time that you read these words all of you will know that the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has issued a list of eight names to represent us in the forthcoming Walker Cup Match against our American friendly rivals. I notice that in certain quarters it is freely stated that two other names will be selected. This statement should be taken with the proverbial grain of salt, for although it is perfectly possible that two more men will be invited to play in the match, since the event is decided by four foursomes and eight singles, and ten players may be chosen for either side, it is by no means a certainty. The Royal and Ancient may quite well be satisfied to rely for both foursomes and singles on the eight men that have already been selected, and no two others may find themselves elevated to sudden eminence.

The team, which includes a playing captain in the person of the Hon. Michael Scott, is as follows: The Hon. Michael Scott (Royal St. George's), Captain; H. G. Bentley (Hesketh); E. W. Fiddian (Stourbridge); S. L. McKinley (Alexandria, Glasgow); J. McLean (Hayston); C. J. H. Tolley (Royal and Ancient); T. A. Torrance (Royal and Ancient); and R. H. Wethered (Worplesdon).

I should like immediately to congratulate the Royal and Ancient on the team which has been selected. There is no doubt at all that it is as strong a team of amateur golfers as we have in this country at the moment, and one selection definitely silences certain scaremongers. There were those who persisted in a wild report that if McLean entered for the Amateur Championship this year his entry would not be accepted, because, under the new definition, he was not a true amateur. If you remember, at about the time when the new definition came out, I wrote on this page that I was delighted to see that McLean was retaining his amateur status, although, had he decided not to do so, I certainly would not have blamed him. I am very pleased that the Royal and Ancient should have selected the team and published the names so early, for now we know that the opinion I expressed is the official opinion as well.

It is interesting for me, who started to select teams for the Walker Cup side some weeks ago, to compare this team of eight with my first team; and that second

C. W. Mole and S. M. Watson, who also competed for the Antlers at Richmond

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(Continued)*

which was chosen, if you remember, after revision, in the light of criticism received from my readers. My first team was captained by Michael Scott—so I scored a winner in that case. It also included the names of McKinley, McLean, Tolley, and Torrance. I seriously considered, but did not select, Bentley and Fiddian, and at that time I had no thought of Roger Wethered.

My second team, which is really *your* team as well as mine, did not include Michael Scott, but it did include Bentley, Fiddian, McLean, Tolley, Torrance and Wethered, and if you remember, I reserved the right of choosing McKinley to play if any of these were at all off form at the time of the match. On the whole, therefore, I think we may definitely pat ourselves on the back for our selection; only a fortnight ago I was strongly condemned for leaving out Michael Scott, and I am quite delighted that the Royal and Ancient have proved that I was wrong to do so, for I am sure that Michael will not only make an admirable Captain, but also will do more than pull his weight in the actual playing of the match

THE order of the team, as announced by the Royal and Ancient, has followed the usual tactful practice of being issued to the Press in an alphabetical list, with the exception, of course, that Michael Scott comes first by virtue of his captaincy. But it is interesting to surmise in what order the Royal and Ancient came to their decision.

Tolley, obviously, was the first, for he is an even better golfer now than he was before his much too lengthy visit to America. McLean was probably second, in spite of his lack of experience in a match of this description; but a man who can win the Scottish and the Irish National Championships two years in succession, and who can tie for first amateur place in the Open Championship as well, is a man who naturally must be thought of before many others, for he has proved by achievement what the others, perhaps, have only promised in style. The third, I should think, was Tony Torrance, Captain of the last Walker Cup side. Torrance, I am sure, is delighted to hand over the captaincy to Michael Scott, and it is certainly no slight on him that he will not figure as Captain in this year's side, for, as Michael was to be selected, his claims to the captaincy were obviously impossible to overlook.

L. G. Garnett and J. A. Flaherty at the first tee during the play for the Antlers of Mid-Surrey, won by G. A. Hill and H. S. Malik

Fourth—and I may surprise my readers here—I should think the selectors chose Roger Wethered because of the fact that at St. Andrews he is twice the golfer he is anywhere else. Some little time ago, when he was quite the most effective amateur golfer in the country—with the possible exception of Cyril Tolley—this made him, of course, practically unbeatable at St. Andrews. My readers will no doubt remember that he tied for the Open Championship with Jock Hutchison, and the only reason why he did not win outright was that he most unfortunately lost a penalty stroke at a critical moment. He lost the replay, but achieved undying fame as the result of his endeavour that year. Now that Roger Wethered is no longer quite the force in amateur golf that he used to be, he is still elevated—inspired, is probably the right word—to his former brilliance at St. Andrews. After that, Fiddian was probably selected next, closely followed by Bentley and McKinley

IF, by any chance, the Royal and Ancient intend to ask two other players to stand by, I sincerely trust that they will not overlook the claims of Henry Howell and Dale Bourn. Howell is almost a perfect golfer for St. Andrews, for he is quite sufficiently long and his short game is immaculate. He has something else, too, which many distinguished golfers do not possess, and that is a fighting spirit which will pull him out of many a tight corner. He is also the man for the big occasion, and I, personally, would be delighted to see him included in our team. It would mean the difference to me between hoping that we may win the match and being fairly confident.

As for Dale Bourn—*surely* he has done enough? McKinley, for one, has no right in a team not distinguished by T. A. Bourn.

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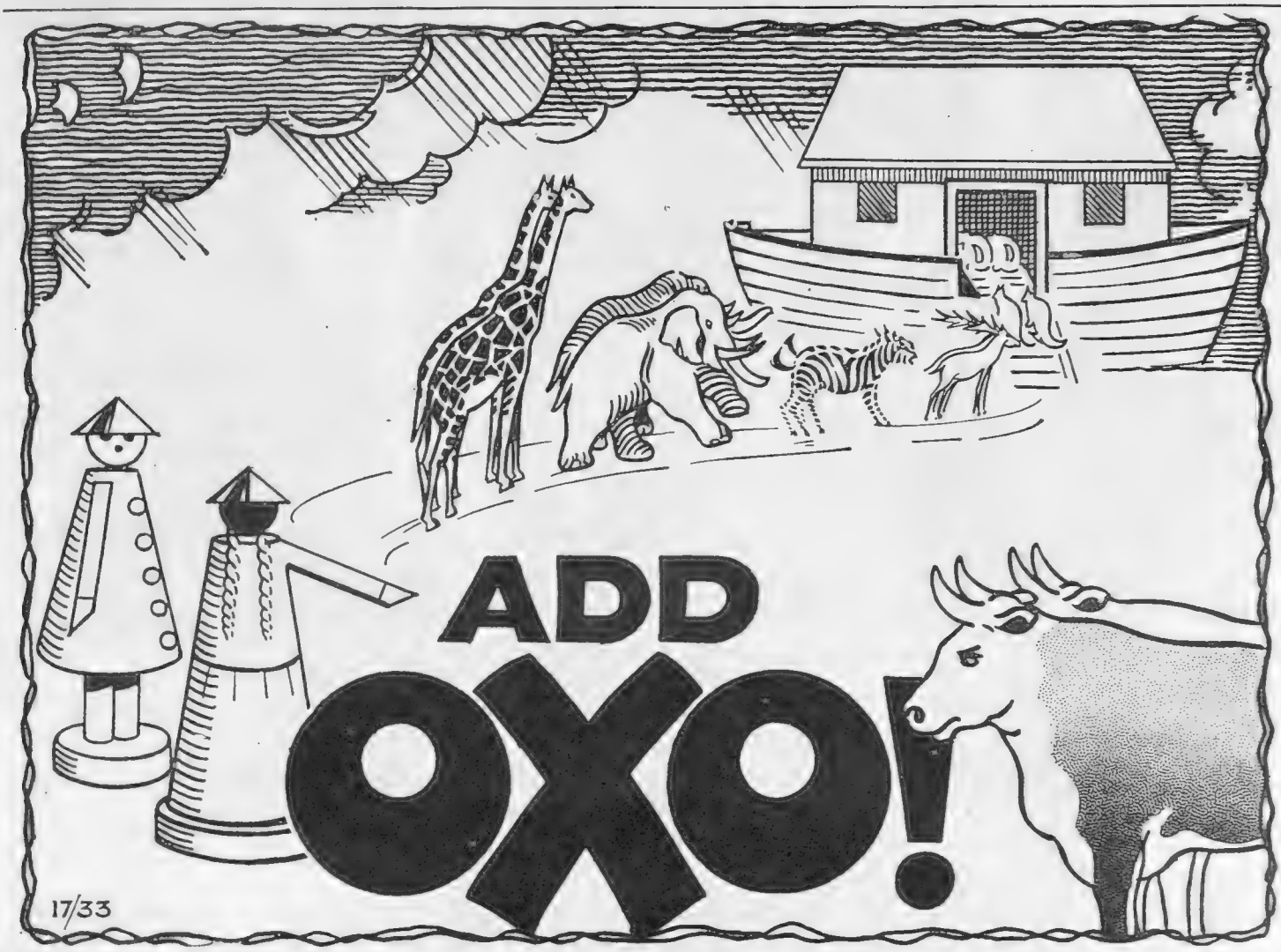

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15, including Easter Monday.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike, Carol Goodner, and Owen Nares in Elizabethan McFadden's Victorian melodrama: Globe, 8.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD FRIDAY.—John Masefield's religious play, with Arthur Wontner as Pilate, Esme Church, Robert Farquharson, Wilfred Fletcher: Vaudeville, matinées only, for one week.

LOVE FOR LOVE.—Restoration wit and wickedness brilliantly presented by Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Athene Seyler, Flora Robson, Ursula Jeans, in the revival of Congreve's comedy: Sadler's Wells, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGNOLIA STREET.—Louis Golding's novel provides a kaleidoscopic evening, full of vivid and moving snatches; Phyllis Konstam as Rose, Colin Keith-Johnson, and a great many more: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The third Stoll Shakespearean production, with Marie Ney as Portia, Franklin Dyall as Shylock, Basil Gill as Antonio, and Jack Livesey as Bassanio: Alhambra, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Mon.).

NURSE CAVELL.—Nancy Price as the heroine in Bechoffer Roberts' and C. S. Forester's play: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (No performance Holy Week.)

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Nell Gwynne, Ivan Sampson as Charles II.: Prince's, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Last chances to see Fred Astaire's inimitable dancing, with Claire Luce as his partner, before he returns to America: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HERE 's How!—George Robey his own eyebrow-raising self as Lord Ullage, the beer-baron, in his new revue, with June, light and graceful, as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical-comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD MORNING, BILL.—P. G. Wodehouse's comedy revived, with Peter Haddon as Bill Paradine, Winifred Shotter as Dr. Sally Smith, Phyllis Monkman, Laurence Grossmith: Daly's, 8.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony's Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE BRIDE.—Gyles Isham as William Hurlbut's wandering evangelist, Kyrle Bellew as the woman he converts, Reginald Bach as her husband: Strand, March 28th.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Reginald Gardiner, Denys Blakelock, in Arthur Macrae's comedy: Aldwych, March 29th.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.—With Lee Tracey and Sally Blane to demonstrate: Tivoli.

BLOOD MONEY.—A "twentieth-century picture," with George Bancroft and Frances Dee as the stars: New Gallery.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

EMPEROR JONES.—Paul Robeson in his original part, with Dudley Digges, "Blue Boy" O'Connor, and Ruby Elzy, in the film version of Eugene O'Neill's play: Marble Arch Pavilion.

GOOD GIRL.—The attractive Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March make a good star team in this film: Plaza.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET.—Kay Francis in a triangular complication, with Gene Raymond and Ricardo Cortez, that ends in a suicide, imprisonment and racketeering: Regal.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—Suzanne Rissler and Daniel Mandaille in the film of Brieux's famous novel on the injustice of a prisoner being examined without his counsel: Academy.

A SIN OF NORA MORAN.—Here the stars are Cora Sue Collins, Zita Johann and Allan Dinehart: Capitol.

TROUBLE.—Sydney Howard's latest bit of humour, with Muriel Aked, George Curzon, Dorothy Robinson: Empire.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—Marthe Eggerth in the record-breaking Austrian film, with Schubert's music, opens the new Mayfair cinema, the Curzon.

MUSIC

Orchestral

ST. JOHN PASSION.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the Philharmonic Choir and B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, Good Friday, 7.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolin Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Ben Blue, "the all-American Half-wit," and his Nit-wits on Parade; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Walsh and Arnold, American entertainers, provide the cabaret; Van Straten and his band the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moschetto's and Syd Lipton's bands play for dancing.

MARGUERITE.—A good place to eat—and eat—in Soho. No music.

MONSEIGNEUR.—The Four Yacht Club Boys, from New York, are singing the snappiest songs; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

ODONE'S.—A new cabaret every week is good, but secondary to the question of food.

PICCADILLY.—Otto and Hugo do funny stuff and the Andree Trio dance: extension night, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

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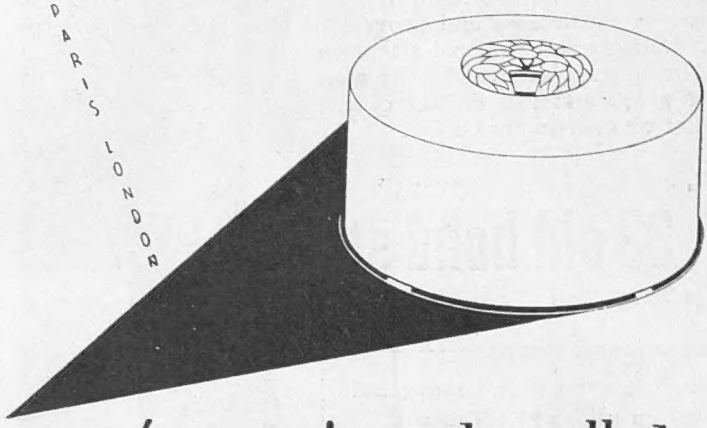

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